WHERE THE SELF ENDS, LIFE BEGINS

The Quiet Revolution of Seeing Without the Self

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In pure observation, there is no centre, no self, no conflict — only the silent movement of life itself.

Thought makes the knot it cannot undo—
The maker of chaos can't lead you through.

Thought creates the problem—
and what creates the problem cannot solve it.

When the 'I' dissolves, then life begins.

Peace begins with choiceless awareness of your own thought.

The longing to be free of the self is still the self in disguise. When seeking ends, wholeness appears.

The pursuit of attainment is the self in motion; in stillness, truth is already here.

Comparison is the seed of envy; where there is no comparison, the mind flowers in freedom.

Silence is not the absence of sound, but the ending of the self that seeks.

Love is not born of need; it exists only when the self is not.

To seek security in belief is to live in fear; freedom begins where belief ends.

Excellence flowers in attention, never in competition.

This world, shaped by
psychological thought,
is an illusion.
Whether high or low,
status is illusion.
And where illusion
1s not seen as illusion—
violence follows.

When thought is seen
without the screen of thought,
without the watcher—
then, and only then,
does the mind step
beyond its own shadow.

Peace is not found in the
Pursuit of success, but
in the ending of comparison
When the mind ceases
to become, it begins to
understand what it means
to truly live.

Compassion is not a goal to be reached,
nor a virtue to be cultivated.
It is the natural fragrance of a life
that seeks no reward.
When the self is absent,
life itself is seen as sacred.

Compassion and intelligence are not two separate things. Compassion is the highest form of intelligence.

Where the self ends,

love and compassion flower—

the fragrance of the immeasurable,

the wholeness in which all is one.

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Introduction

Where the Self Ends, Life Begins

This book is not meant to offer comfort, nor does it promise reward—neither in this world nor in the imagined life after. It does not give you a philosophy to adopt, a technique to practice, or a path to follow. Rather, it invites you to look deeply into the very structure of your life—to question, without fear or authority, the foundations of your suffering, your desires, and your pursuit of becoming.

Read this book as you would watch the evening sky—quietly, without drawing any conclusion.

We live in a world torn by division—division between nations, religions, ideologies, and within ourselves. At the heart of this division lies the self—the "me" that compares, competes, desires, fears, and separates. This self is the product of thought, memory, and conditioning. It gives rise to ambition and despair, to conflict and confusion. And yet, we cling to it, hoping it will give meaning to our existence.

But what if the self, which we guard so intensely, is the very source of our disorder?
What if freedom is not the fulfilment of desire, but the ending of desire altogether?
What if love is not possession or pleasure, but the flame that arises when the self is absent?

This book is an inquiry into such questions. Through dialogues, reflections, and meditative observations, it explores themes such as fear, desire, thought, attachment, death, and the search for truth. It is not concerned with theories or beliefs, but with direct perception—seeing things as they are, without distortion.

Each chapter is not a conclusion, but a beginning—an open space in which the reader is invited to observe, question, and perhaps come upon something sacred: a life untouched by effort or ego, a life of clarity, compassion, and deep inward silence.

In these pages, truth may take the form of prose, poetry, or dialogue—not as ornament, not to persuade, but simply as openings through which awareness may flower. Prose offers the clarity of reason, poetry carries the silence of rhythm, and dialogue allows inquiry to unfold in the mirror of relationship.

Sometimes the same truth will return in new words. This is not repetition, but an invitation to look again—as one might watch a river from different banks, or see the play of light upon the same leaf. Each glimpse is fresh, and each freshness deepens perception.

For truth does not lie in expression, but in the seeing itself. Words may point, poetry may awaken, questioning may unsettle—but what matters is whether the mind, free from authority and belief, comes upon the real directly.

And when there is such seeing, the self falls silent. Then there is no effort, no division—only life, vast and unconditioned, moving in its own sacred order. Where the self ends, life begins.

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Thought: The subtle Enemy of Wholeness

There is an order to the universe
that no man has created—
a vast, timeless movement
in which the stars are not in conflict,
the trees do not compete,
the rivers do not strive to become oceans.

Only where thought enters,
with its ambition and fear,
its images of ‘me’ and ‘mine,’
does disorder begin.
The self is the fragment
that shatters the wholeness of life.

To see this is not to condemn thought,
but to understand it—to see clearly,
without judgment, how thought breeds division,
and how division breeds sorrow.

A society that perceives this
must act—not through reform or revolution,

but through insight.
It must teach—not through authority or ideology,
but by living in deep attention.

For if the fire of the self is not ended,
the fires of war, exploitation, and loneliness
will burn the world.

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We have given tremendous importance to **thought**.
We have crowned it as the instrument of progress,
The architect of civilization,
The author of our religions, ideologies, and identities.

But thought, born of memory,
Is always old.
It is never free, never new, never whole.

It builds structures—mental, social, and political—
And then becomes a prisoner of its own creations.
It invents nations, gods, systems, ideals—
And then wars to defend them.

It creates the image of the self—
The me and the mine—

And then struggles endlessly to protect that illusion.

So long as thought reigns at the centre,

There can be no peace.

For thought, by its very nature,

Divides.

It divides the rich and the poor,

The believer and the non-believer,

The nationalist and the outsider,

The one who knows and the one who does not.

It aggrandizes itself through knowledge, position, achievement—

Saying, “I am someone,”

“I must be recognized,”

“I must become something greater.”

And this becoming—this endless, exhausting race—

Is the root of disorder.

A mind driven by thought is forever in conflict.

It may call itself spiritual,

It may clothe itself in virtue,

But beneath the surface lies ambition, fear, the craving to continue.

Such a mind cannot love.

It can only calculate, compare, pursue.

So, we must see this clearly:

Thought is not the way to truth.

Thought is not the door to freedom.

Thought is not the light that dispels darkness.

Thought has its place—in language, in technology, in function.

But when thought assumes authority over life,

It brings fragmentation, not harmony.

To set aside the self – inflation born of thought

Is to end the tyranny of the image—

The image of self, of greatness, of success, of virtue.

And in that ending,

There is the beginning of intelligence—

Not the intelligence of books or cunning,

But the intelligence that comes from direct perception,

From choiceless awareness.

When you see the movement of thought without resistance,
Without identifying or condemning,
You step out of its current.
Then there is silence.
Not cultivated silence,
But a silence that is natural, effortless,
Because the noisy self is not.

And in that silence,
There is order.
A sacred order—not imposed by law or belief,
But arising from clarity itself.

This clarity is the true revolution—
Not born of ideologies or reforms,
But from the ending of thought as the centre of life.

Only then can society be free—
Not reorganized, but fundamentally transformed—
From the root, which is you.

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Thought builds the towers of pride,
Names the stars, divides the tribe,

Declares, “This is mine,” and “That is yours,”
Then guards the gates with sharpened swords.

It paints the saints in holy light,
And sends the armies off to fight.
It carves the self from memory’s stone,
Then fears to find it stands alone.

It whispers, “Become, succeed, achieve,”
“Bow to power, learn to deceive.”
It climbs the ladder it has made,
And worships in the temple of its shade.

But thought is old—
A thread of time,
Spun from yesterday’s broken rhyme.
It cannot see the whole, the now,
It only asks the why and how.

It dreams of peace while planting war,
It writes of love with bloodied lore.
It says, “I am the guide, the flame,”
Yet leaves the heart in endless shame.

Ignore the crowns that thought has raised,
Its titles, scriptures, truths half-praised.
For thought, though clever, cannot see
The beauty of a mind set free.

Let it serve where it must serve—
To count, to build, to trace a curve.
But never let it rule the life,
For thought can never make you whole.

To see it move—this cunning tide—
Without consent, without a guide—
Is to step out, beyond the stream,
Into a silence thought can’t dream.

There, the sacred comes unasked,
Not clothed in name, nor bound by task.
It moves in stillness, breathes in space—
A flame untouched by time or place.

Let not thought become your king,
Its song is sharp, its praise will sting.
Be still—and from that stillness see:
What is—what is not—what is free.

When the mind is completely silent,
not made still by discipline or control,
but naturally quiet—
there is no centre,
no “me” looking out.

In that silence,
there is no division between you and what is.
The movement of life—
the trees, the rivers, the sky,
the far-off galaxies—
is one whole.

That wholeness is meditation.
And in that meditation,
the universe is not outside you—
it is part of the same stillness.

*****

There is no saviour.

No one can free you
from the prison you have built.
No master,

no teacher,
no God of your imagining
can open the door.

The key lies in seeing—
seeing yourself clearly,
without distortion,
without escape.

In that seeing
is the ending of the prison.
And in that ending
is freedom.

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Love and order can never be born in the field of thought.
Thought may arrange, discipline, conform,
but its order is mechanical,
and its love is possession.

Love flowers only when thought is still—
untouched by memory,
free of becoming.

Order shines only when the self is absent—

not imposed, not cultivated,
but moving with the wholeness of life.

They live outside the field of thought,
where silence is,
where the mind is not divided.

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A society built on thought is in essence immoral.
For thought divides—
it breeds competition and comparison,
it creates the duality of you and me,
it sustains possessiveness and the restless drive to become.

In that field, order is imposed,
virtue is imitation,
and excellence becomes a mask of ambition.

But freedom from the movement of thought
does not deny excellence—
on the contrary, it allows creation to flower.
For when the mind is free of self,
free of the burden of becoming,
there is a quality of action untouched by envy,
untouched by fear of failure or hope of success.

In that silence,
there is clarity, there is compassion,
and in that very seeing lies true creativity.
It is not born of effort,
but of freedom.

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Consciousness is matter—
the echo of memory,
the weight of yesterday,
the movement of thought.

It is shaped,
it is conditioned,
it is bound to time.

Do not call it divine—
for the sacred is not of thought,
not of accumulation,
not of becoming.

When consciousness is empty of itself,
when the mind is utterly still,
there shines a flame
that is not of matter,

not of man,
not of time.

*****

The Sacred Beyond Thought

To say God exists or God does not exist
is born of thought—
and thought is small,
bound by memory,
caught in time.

Man has carved his gods
in stone and in words,
out of fear,
out of longing.

But the sacred
is not of man's making.
It cannot be touched
by belief or denial.

When thought is utterly still,
when the self is absent,
there is a silence

that holds the immeasurable.

In that silence,

without image, without name,

there is the sacred.

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Functional Thought

- Nature: Practical, technical, factual.
- Examples: Driving a car, solving a mathematical problem, performing surgery, remembering the way home, using language.
- Movement: Draws upon memory and knowledge for practical living.
- Characteristic: Limited, precise, necessary.
- Krishnamurti's View: This thought has its rightful place; it is not a problem when used where it belongs.

Psychological Thought

- Nature: Self-centred, projecting images, rooted in memory of pleasure and pain.
- Examples: "I must be successful," "I am hurt," "They insulted me," "I must become enlightened," "What will people think of me?"
- Movement: Arises from desire, fear, comparison, and the pursuit of becoming.
- Characteristic: Creates division (me and not-me, success and failure), breeds conflict and suffering.
- Krishnamurti's View: This thought is unnecessary and destructive, as it sustains the illusion of the separate self.

In Essence

- Functional thought belongs to the field of knowledge; it is useful and limited.
- Psychological thought belongs to the field of illusion; it is divisive and the root of human conflict.
- Freedom is not in denying thought altogether, but in seeing clearly where it has its place—and where it does not.

*****

Beyond Thought and Word

Thought is always limited.

Whether it speaks in the voice of Jesus, the silence of Buddha,

or the poetry of Krishna—

it remains confined by time, memory, and experience.

Words, no matter how sacred, are symbols—

pointers, not the truth itself.

They describe, they indicate, they suggest—

but they are not what is.

You can describe the vastness of the sky,

but the description is not the sky.

You may repeat a thousand times, “Love,”

but the word is not the flame.

Thought is born of the past—

it is the response of accumulated knowledge,

and it can only function within that field.

It cannot touch what is eternal,

what is not shaped by time.

Even the highest thought—

the most elevated scripture, the most revered teaching—

is still within the realm of the known.

It is a reflection, a shadow—

not the light itself.

Krishnamurti often said:

“Truth is a pathless land.”

“It cannot be approached through any organization,

through any creed, through any dogma, priest or ritual,

nor through any philosophical knowledge or psychological technique.”

To discover the real—

the sacred, the immeasurable—

the mind must go beyond its own creations.

Not through effort,

not through belief,

not by repeating what others have said,

but by seeing—directly, choicelessly.

When thought is completely still—

not suppressed, not controlled, but silent

because it sees its own limitation—
then there is a different kind of perception.

In that silence,
the division between the observer and the observed ends.
There is no “me” trying to experience the eternal.
There is only what is—
pure, unnameable, whole.

This is not a mystical experience.
It is a fact you come upon
when you look without the screen of words and ideas.

So let us not worship the words of the wise—
but see what they pointed to.
Not cling to the finger,
but look to the moon.

The truth cannot be thought.
It can only be seen—when the self is not.

*****

Thought wears many masks—
of sages, of saints, of seers.
It speaks as Buddha, prays as Christ,

sings as Krishna in moonlit verse—
but it remains thought.

It weaves a net of symbols,
builds temples with names,
and chases the wind
with the dust of memory.

You say “truth” with reverence,
but the word is not the flame.
You chant “love” a thousand times,
but the echo is not the living fire.

Thought is the past—
a shadow stretching into tomorrow.
It can measure, compare, define—
but never touch the immeasurable.

Words are worn paths in the forest—
they show where others have walked,
only in the stillness of your own seeing
does the forest revel itself

To find the sacred,

you must go empty,
without the burden of knowledge,
without the weight of becoming.

When the mind is utterly still—
not disciplined, not forced,
but still because it has seen
the futility of seeking—

Then the leaf moves,
the sky opens,
and there is no knower,
no known.

Only that which is timeless,
beyond the veil of word and thought—
not yours, not mine—
but the flame itself.

*****

On Thought

Thought, however clever or noble it may appear,
is always limited,
for it is born of memory—

the residue of past experience.

Being limited,
it cannot perceive the whole.
And what is limited
must inevitably create division,
conflict, and sorrow.

We may say, “This is a good thought, that is a bad thought,”
but in truth there is no such division.
All thought carries within it the seed of fragmentation.
Even the so-called “right” thought
is still rooted in the past,
still conditioned,
still bound to time.

Thought creates the problem
and then turns upon itself
to find a solution—
but any solution it offers
is still within the same field of limitation.
Therefore it is no solution at all,
only a continuation of the problem

in another form.

To see this fact directly—
not as an idea,
but as an immediate perception—
is to give thought its right place:
in the field of the mechanical,
the technical,
where it is useful.

But beyond that field,
thought is poison to the mind that seeks clarity,
to the heart that seeks love.

When the mind sees the limitation of thought completely,
without choice,
there is a silence
in which a different kind of intelligence operates—
an intelligence untouched by time.

*****

The Praise of Success

We open the newspaper,

and we see the faces of the triumphant —
toppers of civil service exams,
rising stars of politics,
champions of industry and influence.

We applaud them.
We write their stories.
We broadcast their ambition as virtue,
and their success as inspiration.

But we do not see what lies behind the mask:
the self —
the psychological centre that craves recognition,
that measures worth by achievement,
that fears to be nobody in a world obsessed with somebody.

We say: “Look how hard he worked!”
“Look what she has become!”
“If you try, you too can rise.”
And in this praise, we plant a seed in the reader —
a seed of comparison,
of becoming,
of psychological struggle.

We do not question:

Is this success truly freedom?

Or is it merely the self — glorified, strengthened, crowned?

We do not ask:

Is this what education is for —

to feed ambition, to climb ladders, to dominate?

We admire the result,

but overlook the process —

the anxiety, the fear, the isolation,

the deep-rooted conditioning

that equates success with being more.

Krishnamurti said:

“When you compare yourself with another, you destroy yourself.”

But society runs on comparison —

on headlines that divide the achiever from the ordinary,

on stories that tell you what you should become,

instead of helping you understand what you are.

And so, the self is constantly ignited —

in the one who wins,
and in the one who watches and longs to become.

This fire of the self —
it appears noble when dressed as success,
but inwardly, it brings conflict,
division, fear, and sorrow.

To see this whole movement —
not condemn it, not escape it, but simply see it —
is the beginning of freedom.

Not freedom to become something,
but freedom from the very need to become.

Only then is there humility.
Only then can there be intelligence.
And only then does true learning begin —
not in the pursuit of success,
but in the ending of the self.

*****

The Flame of the self

We praise the toppers,
the civil servants,
the powerful voices in parliament halls.
We crown their names in paper and screen,
and call it inspiration.

We say —
“Look what he achieved!”
“She worked harder than all!”
“Be like them — become great.”

But behind the garlands,
behind the applause,
burns a quieter flame —
the flame of the self.

The urge to rise,
to be seen,
to be known,
to matter.

And we, the readers,
take that fire into ourselves —
we compare, we chase, we ache.

We never ask:
What is success?
Is it peace?
Is it freedom?
Or is it another polished image
of a mind in bondage?

We do not see
the fear behind the ambition,
the loneliness behind the spotlight,
the deep conditioning
that tells us we are not enough —
unless we become something more.

We call it virtue —
but it is sorrow wrapped in gold.

We never see
that in praising one,

we divide the rest.
In lifting one high,
we make all others low.

We do not see
how deeply we train children
to measure themselves against another,
to win, to climb, to conquer.

And so, the world burns —
not with war alone,
but with the quiet violence
of comparison.

But to see —
to truly see —
this whole game,
this whole illusion of becoming,
is to step out of it.

And in that seeing,
ambition falls away,
success loses its shine,

and the self —
so long celebrated —
is still.

In that stillness,
there is no becoming.
There is only being.
And that is the beginning
of freedom.

*****

The Immediate Perception of the Whole

There is a seeing,
not born of thought—
a flame that lights
without the match of memory.

It is not a journey,
not a reaching out,
but a sudden stillness
in which the whole is revealed.

The mind, usually caught
in the snare of yesterday—
naming, judging,
measuring what is with what was—
cannot see the new.

To see the total
you must not divide—
no watcher standing apart,
no thinker behind the thought,
no ‘I’ to gather and possess.

The observer is the past—
a shadow that moves
pretending to lead.

But in choiceless seeing,
the shadow fades.
There is no centre,
no circumference—only the whole.

In that stillness
where thought has no foothold,
consciousness unfolds itself—
its fears and escapes,
its sorrow and longing,
its tenderness and silent love.

You cannot reach this wholeness
by climbing steps of practice,
nor by chanting mantras
in the hope of arrival.

It is there
when the mind has stopped running,
not through control,

but through insight.

When the search ends,
when the seeker is not,
the whole is.

And in that seeing—
there is great beauty,
great simplicity,
and the ending of conflict.

*****

Life Is Whole—Thought Divides

Life, in its essence, is existence in pure awareness—not fragmented, not personalized, not measured by thought. It is a movement of wholeness, untouched by division. Like the sky that holds all clouds without preference, pure awareness holds all that arises—without choosing, without resisting.

In that awareness, there is no centre. No "I" who experiences, no "me" who owns, suffers, or becomes. There is just the fact, the happening, the seeing. This is life as it is—undivided, unconditioned.

But then comes thought—

And with thought, the fragmentation begins.

Thought says:

“This is mine.”

“That is better.”

“I must become.”

It compares, it competes, it measures one against another. It creates the “me” and the “you,” the “better” and the “worse,” the past and the future. And in that division, conflict is born.

Thought, being the response of memory, always operates in time. It brings with it the burden of yesterday and the anxiety of tomorrow. It cannot see the whole; it can only see in parts.

And the tragedy is that thought tries to solve the very problems it has created.

It says: “I will find peace.”

But thought is conflict.

It says: “I will end sorrow.”

But thought is the root of sorrow.

It says: “I must become better, purer, more spiritual.”

But becoming is the movement of time, and time is sorrow.

So thought, caught in its own trap, begins to feel its limitation. It senses the endlessness of its pursuit—bottomless, unsatisfying. And in its fatigue, it wants to end itself.

But thought cannot end thought.

The thinker cannot dissolve the self.

The observer is the observed.

Krishnamurti would say:

“The seeing is the doing.

The ending of thought is not through effort, but through choiceless awareness.”

When you observe thought—not from outside, not as a controller, but as the very movement itself—then in that observation, there is no division. And where there is no division, there is no conflict.

Where there is no conflict, there is peace—not cultivated, not invented, but natural, effortless.

This is the stillness that is not the product of suppression. It is the silence that comes when the self—the centre—is not.

In that silence, life is not a struggle to become, but a flame that burns without smoke.

*****

Life, in its essence, is not separate from the whole—it is the whole.

There is no "part" that is isolated, no fragment that stands alone.

But the moment thought arises, it splits this wholeness.

It says,

"I am this, and that is something else."

"I am here, and truth is over there."

"There must be something more, something beyond what is."

And in that movement, a division is born:

The seeker and the sought, the experiencer and the experience, the observer and the observed.

Thought, by its very nature, is fragmentary. It is the response of memory, the residue of yesterday, shaped by the known. It cannot grasp the whole—because the whole is not something to be grasped. It is not an object to be understood through analysis or accumulated knowledge.

The mind, conditioned by thought, always believes there is something more—

a greater truth, a deeper reality, a higher self.

But the very search for "more" is the root of division.

And wherever there is division, there is conflict.

Krishnamurti would say:

“The moment you see you are the whole, the seeking ends.

But to see that, the movement of thought must come to an end.”

Not suppressed.

Not disciplined.

But understood—seen for what it is.

When thought is quiet—not forcibly made still, but naturally falls silent in the light of understanding—then there is no longer a part seeking the whole.

There is only what is—

undivided, complete, sacred.

In that silence, there is no question of becoming.

There is only being.

And in that being, the whole reveals itself—not as something to be known,

but as something to be lived.

*****

Thought -free living

Life without thought is not the life of sleep, nor of dull inaction.

It is not the mind made blank, nor the absence of intelligence.

It is something altogether different—something profoundly alive, inwardly free, and wholly aware.

Thought, as we know it, is the movement of memory.

It is time—past experiences projected into the present and the future.

It is useful, necessary—in language, in function, in the daily rhythm of living.

But thought is also limited.

It divides, compares, categorizes.

It creates the image of “me” and “you,”

The “should be” and “what is.”

And in this division lies conflict.

We live almost entirely within this field of thought.

Our relationships are shaped by it, our ambitions fuelled by it, our fears sustained by it.

Even our so-called love, our devotion, our spirituality—

Are often only projections of thought, wrapped in emotion.

But life is not thought.

Life is the scent of a jasmine at dusk.

It is the flame of a sunset reflected in still water.

It is the smile of a child, the movement of wind through leaves,

The silence between two notes of a flute.

When the mind is utterly quiet—not forced, not controlled,

But still because it has seen the futility of its own noise—

Then thought falls into its rightful place.

It no longer dominates, no longer pretends to be the master of life.

And in that silence,

There is a different quality of being.

Not shaped by desire.

Not driven by fear.

A life without the centre,

Without the self.

This is not withdrawal.

It is not escape.

On the contrary, it is the highest sensitivity—

Because there is no screen of thought between you and what is.

To live free of thought does not mean thought is destroyed—

But that it no longer interferes.

Then, every perception is new, fresh, untouched by memory.

You see the world as it is,

And not as you have been conditioned to see it.

This is true freedom.

Not the freedom to do what you want,

But freedom from the known.

In that freedom, life is no longer a problem to be solved.

It is a movement without centre,

A flame without smoke,

A song without end.

That life with thought-free awareness—

without thought as the master—

Is the sacred itself.

*****

A life governed by thought—by its images, motives, and memories—

is a life shaped by the past, bound by fear, and driven by becoming.

Such a life is fragmented, mechanical, and deeply conditioned.

It reacts rather than responds, conforms rather than understands,

and seeks security even in conflict, clinging to patterns that breed confusion.

Thought, though necessary in the world of technology, communication, and survival,

is utterly inadequate when it comes to understanding the movement of life as a whole.

When thought assumes authority over love, relationship, beauty, and truth—

it corrupts them, distorts them, turns them into ideas, beliefs, and ideals.

And what was once living becomes a lifeless repetition.

This thought-dominated life is not innocent—

it is shaped by ambition, fear, greed, envy, and sorrow.

And so long as the self—the centre of thought—remains,

life is entangled in conflict, in struggle, in division.

But there is a different quality of living—

a thought-free living—not born of suppression, not cultivated by will,

but arising when the mind is completely attentive,

when it sees the total movement of thought and does not follow it.

In that seeing, there is freedom.

That freedom is not the opposite of bondage,

not an escape into mysticism or belief,

but the ending of the known,

the ending of the psychological self.

And in that ending, there is a freshness,

a wholeness untouched by time or tradition.

That life—free of the corruption of thought—is truly sacred,

not because it conforms to an idea of the divine,

but because it is whole, undivided, and utterly still.

Where the self is not, that which is sacred is.

*****

The Greatest Art

To live without psychological thought is not a technique to be learned, nor a practice to be perfected.

It is an art — perhaps the greatest — because it requires a mind that is deeply attentive, choicelessly aware, and completely free of becoming.

We must first ask:
What is psychological thought?

It is the movement of the self —
the "me" that thinks in terms of gain and loss, success and failure, pain and pleasure.
It is thought driven by fear, ambition, memory, comparison.
It is the endless commentary: "I must become this… I am not that… What will happen to me?"

This kind of thought dominates our lives.
It divides us from one another. It creates inner conflict, sorrow, and disorder.
We are constantly trying to become something — better, holier, more successful — and in that very effort, we are never truly present.

But:

"Thought is always old. It is the response of memory, and memory is of the past."

So, when we live through psychological thought, we are living from the past —
from what was, not what is.

The Art of Non-Psychological Living

Living without psychological thought does not mean becoming blank or mindless.
It means that thought no longer interferes with perception.

There is seeing — without the "me" who sees.

There is listening — without the interpreter who agrees or disagrees.
There is feeling — without the story of who is feeling and why.

In such a state, life is immediate, whole, and vibrant.

It is like seeing a flower for the first time — without naming it, without comparing it to yesterday's flower, without wanting to possess it.
In that perception, there is great beauty — and from that beauty, love.

Why It Is the Greatest Art:

To live this way — from silence, from awareness — is not a matter of talent.
It is a matter of deep attention.

It is art, because it is not mechanical.
There is no method, no blueprint, no right way to do it.

Every moment is new — and therefore, you must be new each moment.

This requires a sensitive, intelligent mind — not one that is drugged by belief, routine, or ambition.

And in that sensitivity, life becomes a vast movement — not fragmented, not caught in images — but whole.

Such a life is not withdrawn from the world.
It acts — with clarity, with compassion, with precision — but it does not act from the centre of the self.

It does not seek result — therefore, it is free.

The Still Mind and the Sacred:

When psychological thought is quiet, the mind is utterly still — not forced, not controlled, but still because it has nothing to chase.

And in that stillness, something sacred may be glimpsed.

Not the sacredness of temples or rituals,
but the sacredness that is born of complete order — inward and outward.

A life lived without psychological thought is not isolated — it is a life of relationship, beauty, love.
Because the "me" is not there to distort, to demand, to possess.

And in that freedom, there is a different kind of intelligence —
an intelligence that is not of thought,
but of awareness itself.

That is why to live without psychological thought is the greatest art —
the art of seeing, of being, of loving… without the self.

*****

The man of love and compassion
has no religion,
no nationality,
no race.

All scriptures speak of love,
yet the moment religion is organized
with creed and dogma,
with authority and division,
compassion withers away.

Love cannot belong
to temple or mosque,
to church or flag.
It is not born of belief,
nor sustained by ritual.

Love and compassion
are beyond every boundary,
beyond thought,
beyond you and me.

When love is,
there is no separation.
Only the indivisible wholeness of life,
sacred, timeless, complete.

They may say,
“Such love, such compassion
is impossible in life.”

But try —
even for a breath,
a single instant.

Let the self fall silent,
let thought grow still.
In that stillness
love flows without motive,
compassion shines without cause.

Then you will see —

it is not an idea,
but a living flame.

Joy is not in possession,
nor in becoming,
but in the ending of the ‘I.’

And in that ending,
life itself is joy,
whole,
sacred,
complete.

*****

One may say, “If you are compassionate while ninety-nine percent of people are selfish, you cannot survive.”
But survival is not the issue at all.

To live merely in order to continue breathing, eating, struggling, and protecting oneself is such a small, narrow thing. That life is already conditioned by fear and calculation.

The one who truly sees, lives not for the span of years but in the flame of choiceless awareness—where there is no centre, no self that demands security. In that state, compassion is not an act opposed to selfishness, nor a strategy for survival. It is simply the nature of life when the self is absent.

Such living is not measured by longevity or by the approval of society. It is not concerned with whether the world permits it or crushes it. The flower blooms even in the desert, not asking whether the desert is kind to it.

To live in choiceless awareness is to live without calculation, without the burden of "How long will I survive?" In that freedom, compassion is not a weakness in the face of selfishness, but the only true strength. And whether the body lasts a few years more or less is irrelevant, for where the self has ended, there is no fear of ending.

They say,
"If you are compassionate
while others are selfish,
you cannot survive."

But compassion is not about survival.
It is the fragrance of a life
where the self is absent.

The flower blooms in the desert—
not asking whether it will wither,
not calculating how long it will last.

To live in choiceless awareness
is to live beyond time.
Such living is not measured in years,
but in the purity of love
that has no opposite.

*****

The Love of Thought Is Not Love at All

What the world commonly calls "love" is too often a product of thought.
It is born out of memory, desire, pleasure, and fear —

and therefore, it is possessiveness, not love.

This love — which clings, which demands, which seeks to hold and be held —
is celebrated in books, sanctified in temples, glorified in films.
It is projected as something sacred, divine, even eternal.

But is it truly so?

This so-called love says: “You are mine.”
It thrives on attachment, jealousy, dependence.
It suffers when denied, and fears to be alone.

This is the love of the self — of the image, the memory, the emotional comfort thought has created.

Krishnamurti pointed out:

“Thought is always old. Therefore, love that arises from thought is never new — it is never alive.”

What is old cannot be sacred.

When we say, “I love you,” is it truly love — or a need, a projection, a habit of thought?

The False Divinization of Possessiveness

Society and culture — through novels, poetry, cinema — have wrapped this possessive love in golden robes.
We are taught that longing, obsession, and emotional dependency are signs of deep love.
That to suffer for love is noble.
That to hold on, even when it destroys, is devotion.

This is the great deception.

And so, the love of thought — which is nothing but a form of self-interest — is called divine.
But anything born of the self — of ego, of psychological continuity — can never be divine.
It is rooted in fear, sustained by pleasure, and ends in sorrow.

The Flame of Real Love

True love is not born of thought.
It is not based on the past or projected into the future.

It does not possess, nor is it possessed.
It does not ask, does not demand, does not expect.
It is not confined to one or many — it simply is.

Love is like a flame that exists only when the self is not.
And where the self is — the "me" with its wants and wounds — love is corrupted.

To see this clearly — without escaping into ideals or sentiment — is the beginning of real freedom.
And in that freedom, love flowers.

A love that is not personal, not emotional, not transactional —
but a quality of deep perception, of care without motive,
of a mind that is silent and a heart that is whole.

*****

Silence is not the absence of sound.
It is not the pause between noises,
nor the stillness you can produce through effort or discipline.

Silence is space—

not physical space,
but a vastness without border or centre.
It is not confined to a room,
to a mountain valley,
or to the gap between thoughts.

In true silence there is no observer,
no thinker measuring the depth of it,
no experiencer holding on to it as memory.
There is only silence—
untouched, unmeasured, without cause.

You cannot imitate such silence,
for imitation is the movement of thought,
and thought is noise.
You cannot manufacture it by practice,
for practice is repetition,
and repetition is mechanical.

To find out what real silence is,
you must see the nature of noise—
not the noise outside,
but the noise of your own mind:
the movement of desire,
the restlessness of comparison,
the endless chatter of the self.

When that noise ends naturally—
not through suppression,
not through control—
silence is there.

This silence is not yours or mine.

It is not personal.
It is as vast as the sky,
as deep as the earth.
In it there is no division,
no time, no becoming.

In such silence,
there is the immeasurable.

*****

Silence is not the pause between sounds,
nor the stillness made by will.

It is space—
without border,
without centre.

In that silence
there is no observer,
no thinker,
no experiencer.

You cannot imitate it,
for imitation is noise.
You cannot practise it,
for practice is mechanical.

Silence comes
when the mind's chatter ends—
not by force,
but in the seeing of its futility.

Then it is there—

vast as the sky,
deep as the earth—
untouched by time.
In that silence
is the immeasurable.

*****

The Stillness That Cannot Be Practised

Stillness cannot be acquired, nor can it be cultivated by practice. The mind that seeks to practise silence is caught in the net of its own making. It repeats, conforms, imitates an image of quietness it has projected. Such stillness is shallow; it is the silence of suppression.

A brain that practises stillness becomes mechanical. It may appear calm, but beneath that calm lies compulsion and dullness. This is not the silence of life, but the stillness of a dead brain.

True stillness is not the result of discipline, nor the product of time. It comes naturally when the mind perceives the futility of its own noise—the endless chatter of thought, the restless pursuit of becoming. When this is seen completely, the noise falls away without effort, and in that ending, silence flowers.

This silence is alive, alert, dynamic. It is not the stillness of death, but the stillness of a mind that is utterly free.

*****

You cannot practise stillness,

you cannot acquire silence.

The brain that drills itself into quiet

is only rehearsing,
mechanical,
lifeless.

That silence is of suppression,
the calm of a graveyard,
a dead brain calling itself serene.

True stillness is not made by thought,
not gathered by effort,
not born of time.
It comes when the mind sees
the futility of its own noise,
and in that seeing,
the noise ends.

Then silence flowers,
not cultivated, not sought,
but as natural as the evening
when the sun has set.

It is alive,
vital,
a stillness without centre,

without effort—

the silence of freedom.

Question: How can I acquire stillness? My mind is noisy, restless. I want to practise silence so that I may find peace.

Answer: Can stillness ever be acquired, sir? The moment you practise silence, it is already a movement of thought, an attempt to conform to an image of quiet. That is not stillness—it is only habit.

Question: But if I do not practise, how can the mind ever be quiet?

Answer: When you practise, the brain becomes mechanical, dull. It may seem calm, but underneath there is suppression. That calmness is the stillness of compulsion, the silence of death.

Question: Then what is true stillness?

Answer: It comes when the mind sees the futility of its own chatter. To see this chattering, this endless movement, without condemning or suppressing it, is enough. In that seeing, the noise ends by itself. Out of that ending comes a silence that is not cultivated, not sought, not made.

Question: So real stillness is effortless?

Answer: Yes. The moment there is effort, it is not stillness. Real silence is alive, intense, full of energy. It is the stillness of a mind that is free—not the stillness of death, but the silence of life.

*****

The Maker of Problems

The burdens of life are not nature-born—
not from the river, nor the wind,
not from the stars or the song of the bird.
They are born of man—
and more deeply,
born of thought.

Thought, the echo of yesterday,
moves with the urgency to become—
to achieve, to possess, to control.
It dreams of ideals, compares what is with what should be,
and in that division,
breeds the conflict we call living.

It creates the problem,
then sculpts a solution from its own past.
But that solution—moulded by memory—
is still the child of the same mind that birthed the confusion.
So, the cycle turns,
endlessly repeating the pattern of sorrow.

We say, “Life is full of problems,”

but it is not life that is the problem—
It is the self,
the “me” that thought has constructed,
that divides, that clings, that fears.

Can we see this—
not through analysis or resistance,
not through choice or will—
but through pure observation,
silent and without movement?

To watch the play of thought
as it arises and fades,
without naming, without judging—
is to awaken a different kind of seeing:
a seeing without the seer,
an attention without the centre.

This choiceless awareness
is not a method, not a practice,
but the ending of all becoming.

In that ending,
the maker of sorrow comes to a close.

And with it, the weight of problems,
the ache of the known, the illusion of control—
all dissolve like mist before the morning sun.

Then,
life is not a burden to bear
nor a series of puzzles to solve.
It is a vast, flowing river—
still at its depths,
unbroken by thought,
untouched by time.

And in that sacred movement,
the heart is free.

*****

The Problem-Making Machinery of Thought

Human life, as it is lived, is riddled with conflict, contradiction, and sorrow—not because existence itself is tragic, but because man has made it so.

The difficulties we encounter are not rooted in the fabric of life itself, but in the movement of thought which seeks security, continuity, and control.

Thought, born of memory and time, projects ideals, compares what is with what should be, and thereby creates division—between oneself and others, between what is and what ought to be.

And in this division lies the seed of all our struggles:

ambition and fear, jealousy and guilt, desire and despair.

We say, “Life is full of problems,”

but it is not life that is the problem—it is the self-centred activity of thought that breeds conflict and sorrow.

Thought constructs the problem and then seeks its own solution—

a solution still shaped by the same limited movement that gave birth to the problem.

Thus, it remains caught in a vicious cycle, endlessly repeating itself.

Can one see this whole movement without trying to fix it, without trying to escape from it?

Can one simply observe the operation of thought—its cunning, its justifications, its motives—without the observer, without condemnation or resistance?

This choiceless awareness—a passive yet intense observation without interference—

is not another technique, not another effort to “solve” the problem,

but choicelessly aware of the very mechanism that creates and accentuates the problem

Only in such attention is there a freedom from the known—

from the background of thought and its accumulated residue.

And in that freedom, there is a different quality altogether—

a clarity untouched by sorrow,

a stillness not born of discipline,

a peace that is not the opposite of conflict.

To go beyond problems is not to conquer them or suppress them,

but to see that the maker of problems is the self, the “me,” the ego-centre—

and in seeing it wholly, without analysis, without escape, it dissolves.

Then, life is not a series of burdens to be carried,

but an undivided movement, sacred in its very flow.

*****

We often speak of thought, the self, desire, comparison, greed, jealousy, and acquisitiveness as if they are separate experiences—each needing to be addressed independently, each with its own cause and solution. But is that so?

Or are they all part of one single movement?

Let's inquire—not theoretically, but with close attention.

Thought creates the image of the "me" — the self —
And that self, born of memory and experience,
Is constantly comparing itself with others:
Wanting to be more, to become, to arrive.

From this comparison arises desire—
The desire to possess, to succeed, to dominate, to belong.
And where desire exists, there is inevitably greed,
Jealousy, frustration, fear of not attaining.

Look closely and you will see:
Thought is the root.
It gives continuity to pleasure and pain.
It creates the image of "what should be"
And sets it against "what is."

This movement of thought is the ground of psychological conflict.

So, whether it manifests as envy, ambition, pride, or despair,
They are not isolated problems.
They are expressions of the same movement of thought.

And as long as we treat them as separate,
We remain caught in analysis,
In the endless search for solutions to problems
That are all symptoms of a single disorder—
The disorder of movement of thought.

To see this whole movement as one—
As a total process and not a series of disconnected events—
Is to be free of them.

In that very choiceless seeing of movement of thought,
Without resistance or suppression,
There comes a clarity,
A stillness not born of effort.

And in that stillness,
The movement of the self begins to wither.
Not through denial,
But through understanding.

Then life is not a series of conflicts to be solved,
But a vast field of choiceless awareness
Where truth acts, without the interference of the self.

*****

Desire and Its Movement

Question: Why is desire so strong in us? It seems to govern our lives—whether it is the desire for wealth, for power, for sex, or even the desire for peace. Shouldn't we try to control it, or at least direct it toward something higher?

Answer: Before we ask what to do with desire, let us first see what desire is. If we do not understand its movement deeply, any attempt to control or direct it will merely strengthen its grip in another form.

Question: But surely there is good desire and bad desire? The desire for truth or knowledge is good; the desire for pleasure or comfort may be harmful.

Answer: Sir, the moment we divide desire into the noble and the ignoble, we fall into conflict. The mind begins to pursue the so-called good and suppress what it calls the bad. But it is still the same movement of desire, only wearing different masks. To understand desire, one must not condemn it, nor justify it. One has to look at it wholly, as it is.

Question: Then what is the origin of desire? Where does it begin?

Answer: Watch it as it arises in yourself. You see something beautiful—a car, a robe, a face, a tree against the evening sky. There is sensation: the eye sees, the nerves respond. Then thought comes in and says, how pleasant, how delightful, I must have it again, I must hold it. At that moment, desire is born. Desire is sensation plus thought, thought giving continuity to sensation.

Question: So, without thought, desire would not endure?

Answer: Exactly. Sensation by itself has no problem. It is natural, like hunger or physical response. But when thought weaves around it an image, a story of 'me' possessing, continuing, becoming—then the flame of desire begins to burn.

Question: But if we did not have desire, would life not be dull? Isn't desire necessary to move us, to achieve, to progress?

Answer: What is the movement of desire achieving? More objects, more experiences, more forms of becoming. And in the very pursuit of desire there is fear—fear of not fulfilling, fear of losing. You call it progress, but look at the world: each

man pursuing his own desires in conflict with others. Is that progress, or endless sorrow?

Question: Then should we suppress desire so that it does not dominate us?

Answer: Suppression is another form of desire—the desire to become virtuous, the desire to be free of conflict. Desire cannot end itself through another movement of desire. Suppression only pushes it into the unconscious, where it reappears in distorted ways.

Question: And what about indulgence? To go with desire completely, without resistance—would that not bring freedom?

Answer: Indulgence is the other side of suppression. In indulgence there is always attachment, dependence, and therefore fear. When you cling to pleasure, you also invite its shadow, pain.

Question: Then what is one to do?

Answer: Do nothing about desire—simply watch it. Watch how it arises, how thought sustains it, how it drives action, how it brings pleasure and fear. To see the whole movement of desire without choice, without saying 'this is good, that is bad,' is the beginning of understanding.

Question: You mean simply observe, without judgment?

Answer: Yes. When you observe without the observer—without the image of what should be—then desire shows itself fully. In that seeing, desire loses its compulsion. It finds its natural place, without dominating the mind.

Question: And what remains when desire no longer dominates?

Answer: A mind that is quiet, not agitated by the endless pursuit of becoming. In that quietness, there is clarity. Out of that clarity comes love. And love has nothing whatsoever to do with desire.

Question: So, freedom is not the fulfilment of desire, nor its suppression, but its complete understanding?

Answer: Yes, sir. To understand is to end. And in the ending of desire's tyranny, life flowers in a totally different dimension—where action is not born of craving, but of intelligence.

*****

The Flame of Desire

Desire is born
in the spark of sensation—
the eye sees,
the body feels,
and thought whispers,
"I must have,
I must hold,
I must become."

From that whisper
grows the endless chase—
pleasure and its shadow,
fear.

To suppress is to struggle,
to indulge is to cling.
Both are prisons,
woven by thought.

But to watch desire—
quietly,
without judgment,
without choice—
is to see its whole movement.

In that seeing
the flame dies down,
not by effort,
but by understanding.

And when desire is silent,
love flowers—
a love that asks for nothing,
that clings to nothing,
that simply is.

*****

“Have you noticed, sir, that nothing in nature struggles as man does?

The flower blooms, the bird flies, the river flows to the sea.
There is no conflict there.

But man struggles, because he lives in thought.
Thought has divided him from nature, from others, and from himself.
It has created the ‘me’ and the ‘not me,’
the ideal and the fact,
what is and what should be.
And in that division lies struggle.

The animal acts out of instinct,
but man, with his extraordinary capacity to think,
has allowed thought to dominate every corner of life.
Thought has its place—
in building a house, driving a car, learning a skill—
but when thought enters the field of relationship, of desire, of fear,
it brings conflict.

So the struggle is not inherent in life,
but in the misuse of thought.
If you see this very clearly—
that thought, however clever,
can never touch the whole—
then the mind becomes quiet.

In that quietness, life is no longer struggle,
but a movement in harmony with the universe."

*****

The chaos of the world is born of thought's illusion—
the illusion that there is a separate soul,
apart from life, apart from the universe,
waiting to be united with God.

In this division between the "me" and the whole,
between the seeker and the sought,
lies conflict, struggle, and endless sorrow.
When the illusion of separation ends,
there is neither merging nor seeking—
there is only life itself, whole and sacred.

*****

The illusion of separation creates chaos;
when it ends, life itself is the sacred.

*****

Life: A Movement Untouched by Thought

Life is a movement in nothingness—
not a void of despair, but a vast space beyond measure,
beyond name, beyond the net of thought.

It is not a movement from here to there.
It has no direction, no purpose given by ambition,
no destination drawn by desire.

It simply moves—
like the wind through trees,
like light playing on water.

But the mind, caught in its habit of measuring,
rushes in with commentary:
“This life is great.”
“That one is wasted.”
“This is a success.”
“That is a failure.”

And so, the sacred movement of life
is smothered by comparison, poisoned by judgment.

Thought makes divisions:

my life and your life,

high life and low life,

noble and ignoble, spiritual and worldly.

But is there your life and my life?

Or is there just life—immeasurable, indivisible, whole?

The moment thought touches life,

it breaks it into fragments,

wraps it in ideals, images, roles.

Then we no longer see life—

we see only what thought has said about it.

But life is not what thought says.

It is not your image of yourself,

nor the story you tell about your past or your future.

It is not in the titles, the achievements, the regrets.

Life—like the cosmos—is not to be touched by thought.

To say, “Your life is noble, mine is meaningless,”

is like saying one star in the sky is holy and another profane.

Krishnamurti would have asked:

“Can you look at life without the interference of thought?
Without the past projecting itself onto the present?”

When you look without judgment,
without the labels of ‘success’ or ‘failure,’
then life reveals itself—raw, fresh, uncontaminated.

Then every breath, every movement,
every leaf trembling in the wind—
is part of that one eternal dance.

In that seeing,
there is no centre, no observer, no division.
There is only life—
as it is—
sacred, whole, and free.

*****

The Stillness Where Problems End

From childhood, the brain has been trained to meet life through the framework of problems. At school, in relationships, in work, in matters of belief—you are taught that every challenge is a problem to be defined, analysed, and solved. This habit seeps into every corner of the mind.

You approach questions about God, truth, love, death, or the family with the same problem-solving machinery. But these are not mechanical issues; they are not puzzles with answers. Thought tackles them as problems and therefore remains within the field of the known, bound to memory and experience. In that field, no fundamentally new perception can arise.

So, you "solve" one issue only to give birth to another. The old conditioning is never touched; it only shifts its shape. You have never actually ended a problem—you have merely replaced it.

The real question is not how to solve problems more efficiently, but whether the brain can be entirely free of the conditioning that breeds problems in the first place. This freedom is not achieved by method, discipline, or analysis—because all such approaches are born of the same conditioned structure.

It comes in a moment of total observation, when the mind sees the whole movement of problem-making without the desire to change it. In that instant, the brain is still—no longer caught in the machinery of the known. From that stillness comes clarity, and with clarity, the ending of the problem.

*****

From childhood,
the brain has been schooled in problems—
to name them,
to measure them,
to chase their solutions.

God,
love,
death,
family—
all dragged into the same machinery
that mends one tear
only to open another.

You have never ended a problem,
only shifted its shape.

The real question is not how to solve,
but whether the mind can stand
outside the prison of its conditioning.

When you see the whole movement
without the urge to change it,
the brain is still—
and in that stillness,
the problem ends.

*****

To Attend Is to Live

Attention is not a trick of concentration, nor a discipline imposed by will. It is the flame of earnestness, a deep urgency to understand life without distortion. Such attention is not partial—it is not merely of the ears or of the eyes. It is

a listening with your whole being, as though your very life depends on it—because it does.

But we have been conditioned by society to be passive recipients. We wait, don't we, for some authority—some teacher, some saviour, some system—to give us the answer. We have been told what to believe, what to think, what to do. So, our minds have become second-hand, dull, repetitious. And in that dullness, we expect truth to come as a gift, neatly packaged, requiring no effort, no risk, no total inward revolution.

But truth is not something that can be handed to you. It cannot be given or received like a possession. You cannot beg for it, pray for it, or buy it. It must be seen directly—and for that, you must be awake.

To be awake is to observe with intensity, without choice, without interpretation. It is to look at your life—the sorrow, the confusion, the ambition, the pleasure, the fear—without running away, without suppressing, without condemning. It is to see things as they are, not as you wish them to be.

This demands great inner work—not the work of accumulating knowledge or cultivating virtue, but the work of seeing, moment by moment, the movement of thought and its projections. It is not easy. The world around us is burning—with violence, corruption, division—and the fire is within us too: the fire of greed, of hatred, of the insatiable desire to become something. If we do not understand and end that fire within, we will add to the conflagration outside.

You see, we are the world. The structure of society is the projection of our own inner disorder. To bring about a radical

change “out there,” we must begin with the transformation of the mind here, within.

So don’t ask what to do. That question itself is born of laziness, of dependency. Begin to observe. Look at yourself as you are. Not as an ideal, not in comparison, but as you actually are. And in that observation, without judgment, without resistance, there is attention.

Where there is attention, the false withers away. And in the space that remains, truth flowers.

This is not a matter of time. It is not a gradual process. Either you see, or you do not. Either you are aware, or you are asleep.

But to see, to truly see, is the greatest act of love.

*****

Intellectual Agreement vs. Understanding

Most of us live at the surface of words. We listen to what is said, compare it with what we already know, and when it matches our own ideas we say, “I understand. I agree.” But that is not understanding; it is only recognition, the mind echoing itself.

When you “agree” intellectually, you are not discovering anything new. You are only strengthening your own conditioning. Agreement is still within the field of thought—within the known, the past. That does not bring about a change in your being.

Understanding is of a completely different order. It is not agreement, not rejection, not evaluation. It comes only when you listen without resistance, without comparison, without interpretation.

The Nature of Listening

To listen is not merely to hear words. True listening is to give total attention. It is to be so present that thought, with its judgments and conclusions, falls silent.

Have you ever really listened to your wife, your husband, your child—not through the screen of your opinions, hurts, or expectations, but simply listened? That kind of listening is rare, because we are usually preoccupied with ourselves—what we will reply, what we already believe, how we will defend or oppose.

To listen truly is to let the other person or the fact speak in full, without the interference of "me."

Listening Brings Transformation

In the very act of such listening, something extraordinary happens. The mind is quiet, receptive, without choice. In that stillness, truth reveals itself.

The change is not in agreeing with an idea, but in the ending of the self-centred noise that normally blocks perception. This ending is itself transformation.

When you listen without defence or distortion, you see what is false as false and what is true as true. That clarity is not the result of effort; it comes with the innocence of listening.

The Essence

So, Krishnamurti says: there is no such thing as intellectual understanding. Either you see, or you do not. Either you listen, or you are lost in your own echo. True listening is the door to freedom, and in that freedom, change takes place naturally, without will or discipline.

*****

Life Has Its Own Movement

We often say, in moments of sorrow or helplessness,

“God has mercilessly taken away a life—

through disease, through natural calamity, through hunger and deprivation.”

But is it God who does this?

Or is it that we do not truly understand the nature of life at all?

Life has its own movement—

not yours or mine, not belonging to any one person, nation, or belief.

It is a vast, sacred movement—beyond the mind’s petty wants,

beyond the measure of time, beyond the grasp of thought.

But thought intervenes.

It creates the idea of a personal God who rewards and punishes,

who gives life and takes it away, as if playing with our fate.

Yet this very thought is born of fear and hope—

fear of death, hope for protection.

We want life to conform to our comforts,

and when it doesn't, we blame God.

Krishnamurti would ask:

"Is not sorrow born out of resistance to what is?"

The fact is, disease occurs, storms strike, bodies perish.

This is not cruelty. It is part of the natural movement of existence.

What creates cruelty is human thought—dividing, competing, exploiting,

turning nature into conflict, and love into possession.

We have built a society where thousands die of hunger,

not because nature is merciless, but because man is.

We pour billions into weapons, into entertainment,

but let children starve in silence.

So, who is truly responsible?

Life is. But not your life or mine.

Life as a whole, indivisible, sacred—

cannot be measured by personal grief or gain.

When we see this—not as a conclusion, but as a fact—

there is great compassion, not sorrow.

In that compassion,

we do not blame God, nor justify suffering.
We understand the urgent necessity
of seeing clearly, of acting rightly,
not from belief, not from tradition,
but from a deep and choiceless awareness.

That clarity is the only sacredness.

*****

The Vastness of Life Cannot Be Approached by Thought

Life is not a problem to be solved,
nor a pattern to be followed.
It is too vast, too unknowable, too sacred
to be approached through any idea, belief, or method.

We try to grasp life with theories—
religious, psychological, philosophical.
We wrap it in neat explanations,
hoping to feel secure, to understand, to control.

But life does not yield to control.

To approach life with a pattern
is like trying to hold the ocean in your hands.
You reduce the living to the mechanical,
the immeasurable to the measured.

And so, you miss it.

Krishnamurti would say:

“Any form of conclusion, however noble, prevents the direct perception of what is.”

What does it mean to live without a pattern?

It means you do not come with the past.

You do not come with knowledge as a shield.

You meet life like a flood rushing down from the mountains—

without hesitation, without direction, without fear.

The flood does not ask where it will go.

It flows with total energy, with total presence.

That is how life must be met.

When you no longer approach life from a centre of belief,

when you no longer measure your experience with comparison,

you begin to perceive the extraordinary beauty of living.

Not the beauty invented by thought—

but the living beauty of a tree,

a smile, a tear,

a moment of stillness in which the self is not.

Then action is not born of thought.

It is not reaction, nor conformity.

It is a movement of intelligence,

free from motive, free from the past.

This is the real revolution—

not outward, not planned,

but an inward flame that illuminates the whole field of existence.

And in that illumination,

life is no longer something to conquer or endure—

it is something to be lived in full attention,

moment by moment, without the burden of becoming.

*****

The Vastness of Life

Life is too vast,

too sacred, too immeasurable—

to be held by theory,

to be grasped by belief.

It is not a path to be followed,

not a promise to be fulfilled,

not a goal to be reached
by effort or discipline.

We come with maps drawn by others—
scriptures, systems, philosophies—
and wonder why we remain lost.

We look to thought
to explain the timeless,
but thought is time,
and the eternal lies beyond time.

Life is a river—
not of habit, but of wonder,
not of certainty,
but of unfolding mystery.

To meet it,
one must come without a plan,
without a past,
like the flood that bursts from the mountain—
with total energy,
with no resistance.

That flood asks no question,
seeks no destination.
It simply flows—
and in that movement
there is truth.

When you see this,
action is no longer reaction,
but clarity.
Not shaped by memory,
not driven by fear.

In that clarity,
there is no you and life—
there is only living.

And in that living,
free from comparison and becoming,
there is beauty—
untouched by time.

*****

Thought divides life.
It says: this life is superior, that life is inferior.
It elevates the human being, declaring his life sacred,

and condemns the animal to the slaughterhouse,

as if existence itself were created for man's appetite.

But is life divisible?

Can one fragment of the whole claim supremacy over another?

The bird that sings at dawn,

the cow grazing quietly in the field,

the fish moving in the depths of the sea—

each holds the same pulse of existence,

the same mystery of birth and death.

When thought creates comparison,

it also breeds cruelty, domination, and exploitation.

In its blindness, it makes the sacred profane,

turning life into hierarchy,

and compassion into sentiment.

To see without the distortion of thought

is to discover the indivisible.

Then there is no "higher" or "lower" life,

but only life itself—

one sacred movement without beginning or end.

In that perception,
killing loses its justification,
superiority its mask,
and compassion becomes as natural as breathing.

*****

Do not justify cruelty by saying,
“The lion kills the deer for its food,”
or excuse violence by saying,
“It is the order of nature.”

Such explanations are inventions of thought,
a way of accepting destruction as inevitable,
a way of numbing the heart.

The lion acts out of instinct—
it does not rationalize,
it does not justify.
But man, with his capacity to inquire,
to see the whole movement of life,
uses thought to shield himself from truth.

When we say “it is natural,”
we hide behind words,
and with those words we create a wall

between ourselves and the fact of suffering.

To see clearly is to see without comparison,
without excuse, without justification.
Then there is compassion—
not as an idea,
but as a flame that burns away indifference.

Compassion does not divide life
into higher and lower,
into hunter and hunted,
into natural and unnatural.
It perceives the indivisible sacredness of all life.

In that perception,
there is no justification of killing,
no comfort in phrases,
only a deep responsibility
to live without causing harm.

*****

Do not say,
“The lion kills the deer for its food,”
do not whisper,
“It is the order of nature.”

These are words
that dull the mind,
that put sleep into the heart.

The lion does not justify—
it moves in instinct,
without thought,
without excuse.

But man,
burdened with thought,
wraps cruelty in explanation,
hides behind the veil of reason.

To see without excuse
is to stand naked before life.
In that seeing,
compassion flowers—
not as sentiment,
not as reason,
but as the simple flame
of the sacred.

All life is one,

not higher, not lower.
In this indivisible silence,
there is no order of killing,
no comfort in words,
only the vastness of care.

*****

Life Is Sacred — Do Not Reduce It to the Self

Life is not yours or mine.
It is vast, immeasurable, without beginning or end.
It is the tree reaching toward the sun,
the river carving the earth,
the newborn's cry and the dying breath.
It is sacred—not because of belief,
but because it exists in its own completeness.

But the moment thought enters and says,
"This is my life,"
"This is what I want,"
"This is what I fear,"
the sacred is reduced to the self—
to the narrow, limited prison of "me" and "mine."

We do not see life;
we see our image of it.
We do not listen to life;
we listen only to our desires, our conclusions, our memories.

The self is not life—

it is a movement of thought seeking security,

a continuity born of fear and desire.

When awareness is tethered to the self,

it becomes calculation, comparison, ambition.

It becomes a spotlight turned inward to protect its own shadow.

And that which is sacred cannot dwell in shadow.

Jiddu Krishnamurti would say:

“Where the self is, the sacred is not.”

So let your awareness be choiceless,

not centred in self-interest,

but open—without boundary, without motive.

Let it observe not only your reactions,

but the world—the cry of a child, the curve of a leaf,

the sorrow in another’s eyes.

Then life is not something to be controlled or improved.

It is something to be understood,

and in that understanding, revered.

To live without the self is not emptiness—
it is vastness.
It is freedom.
It is love without possession,
and action without motive.

Let life be what it is—whole, sacred.
And let awareness move with it,
like a breeze that carries no dust.

*****

Life is sacred—
not because you pray,
not because you chant,
but because it simply is.

It flows as the river,
blooms as the flower,
dies as the leaf in autumn—
without asking why.

But we—
we come with the self,

with the weight of “mine” and “me,”
and reduce the vastness to a narrow room
where desire decorates the walls.

We do not live—
we manage,
we bargain with existence.

We call it my life,
my path,
my suffering,
and thus fragment the whole
into pieces that hurt.

Awareness—
when tethered to the self—
becomes calculation, ambition, fear.
It is no longer light;
it becomes smoke.

But when awareness is free—
free of motive, free of image—
it is as vast as the sky.
It sees without choosing,

it listens without interpreting.

In that seeing,

the sacred is.

Not yours, not mine—

but the eternal,

untouched by thought.

So let life be what it is—

not a possession,

not a story,

but a movement without a centre.

And let your awareness

be like a flame

that casts no shadow.

*****

Life Is to Be Lived — Not Carried, Not Chased, Not Explained

Life is not a problem to be solved.
It is not a puzzle with missing pieces to be found in belief, tradition, or theories of origin.
It is not a race toward an ideal, nor a journey with a destination in time.

Life is to be lived — directly, wholly, in the now.

But we do not live.
We carry — the weight of attachments,
the burden of belief,
the hunger of becoming,
the ache of seeking a beginning.

And so, life — which is vast, spontaneous, unknowable —
is narrowed down to the corridor of thought.

Attachment — The Chain to the Past

We cling — to people, to possessions, to experiences —
and call it love.
But what we call love is often fear —
the fear of being alone, of not being remembered, of losing continuity.

Attachment is memory —
and memory is not the living present.

To be attached is to carry the past into the now —
and therefore, to never truly live.

Belief — The Escape from What Is

We hold beliefs — in God, in soul, in meaning —
not because we know, but because we fear not knowing.

Belief offers comfort, identity, direction.
But it also blinds, divides, and binds.

Krishnamurti said:

"To believe is to be ignorant — not in the sense of lacking knowledge,
but in the refusal to look directly at what is."

Freedom begins where belief ends —
when the mind no longer hides behind borrowed answers.

Becoming — The Illusion of the Future

We are always becoming —
trying to be better, purer, holier, more successful, more enlightened.

This endless becoming is the movement of time — psychological time.
And in that movement, there is conflict, comparison, sorrow.

You are always chasing something — and never being.

But when the movement of becoming ends,
you are simply what you are — without condemnation, without escape.
And in that very stillness, there is transformation.

The Futility of Searching for Origin

We ask: Where did we come from? What is the first cause? What created life?

But why this obsession with beginnings?

Is it not another attempt to feel secure, to wrap life in a theory?

To ask "Why am I?" is to avoid being.

The mind that seeks origin is not quiet —
it is projecting its own need for meaning into the vast silence of life.

Life is not to be found in explanation —

it is to be seen in a raindrop, in the silence of a tree, in the flame of choiceless awareness.

The Beauty of Living Without Burden

To live without attachment, without belief, without becoming,
and without the fever of seeking a beginning —
is to be simple, clear, and awake.

It is not passivity — it is deep inward order.

In that state, life reveals itself — not as a concept, but as a living movement.
A sacredness that thought cannot touch.
A love that has no opposite.
A freedom that is not given — but discovered in the ending of the self.

That is the beginning — and the ending — of true living.

*****

Live — Without Anchor, Without Map

Life is not a burden to be carried,

not a question to be answered,

not a path to be walked with a guidebook in hand.

It is the breeze on your cheek,

the bird that sings before dawn,

the silence between two thoughts.

But we do not live —

we cling.

To names, to faces, to words worn thin by memory.

We call it love,

but it is fear that trembles when alone.

We hold to beliefs

like a child holds to shadows in the night.

We want meaning —

not in living,

but in the safety of explanation.

We chase tomorrow

as if today were a stepping stone

and not the whole ocean.

We ask,

“Where did I come from? Who made this world? What lies at the beginning?”

But is not that the voice of fear —

not wonder?

To live — truly —

is to see without the veil,

to meet life with empty hands.

No anchor of attachment.

No armour of belief.

No ladder of becoming.

No map pointing back to origins.

Just this moment —

utterly still,

wholly alive,

profoundly sacred.

When the self dissolves,

life begins.

And that beginning has no cause,

no goal,

no end.

*****

Life Is Meant to Be Lived — Without Past, Without Future, Without Self

Life is not a journey toward a goal,

not a movement guided by reward or shaped by punishment.

It is not a script written in advance,
nor a drama staged by some hidden hand.

Life simply is —
a vast unfolding, moment by moment,
not born of purpose,
not driven by cause,
not waiting at the end with judgment or prize.

We try to mold it —
with beliefs, ideals, goals, and meanings —
but in doing so, we miss it.

For life is not found in the known —
not in the memory of the past,
nor in the projection of the future.

The past is dead —
a museum of images, wounds, and echoes.
The future is imagination —
an escape, a hope, a continuation of fear.

Only the present is alive —
and only when the mind is fully in it,

without comparison, without anticipation,
without the burden of the self.

The Silence of the Futureless Mind

To live in the active present is not passivity —
it is intense, alert, and aware.
It is to live with a mind that is quiet,
a silence that is not shaped by time.

Such silence is not the result of discipline —
it is the flowering of attention,
the stillness that comes when thought has no place to go.

It is not your silence —
for in that silence, the "you" is absent.

And in the absence of the self,
life is no longer personal —
it is sacred.

*****

Life Without the Illusory Self

The self — the psychological "me" — is an illusion,

born of thought, memory, and desire.

It is this self that seeks purpose,
that wants continuity,
that fears emptiness.

But life needs no purpose.
Its beauty lies in its causelessness.
Its mystery lies in the fact that it simply is —
without origin, without direction, without end.

To see this — not as an idea,
but directly, inwardly —
is to be free.

Free from the chain of becoming.
Free from the need to justify existence.
Free from the prison of the self.

In that freedom,
life is not something to endure, to escape, or to interpret.

It is to be lived —
deeply, silently, without a centre.

That is sacred.
Not the temples, not the rituals, not the beliefs.
But life without the self —
whole, present, and without shadow.

*****

Life is sacred.
Its sacredness is not born of thought,
nor is it granted by belief, religion, or tradition.

Thought calls something sacred
because it has invested it with meaning—
a symbol, a temple, an image, a word.
But what thought calls sacred
is only a projection of itself,
and therefore limited, conditioned, bound to time.

The true sacredness of life
is not in what thought imagines or worships.
It is in the very fact of being—
in the movement of a leaf in the wind,
in the cry of a newborn,
in the silence between two heartbeats,

in the stillness of a mind that is free.

When the mind is no longer clouded by fear,

ambition, or the endless search for becoming,

there is a perception untouched by the past.

In that seeing,

life reveals its sacredness—

not as an idea,

but as a living fact.

To see this is to bow without thought,

to be in communion without seeking,

to live without separation.

*****

In the spirit of Jiddu Krishnamurti, the word “sacred” has nothing to do with religion, ritual, or the sanctity bestowed by human belief.

For him, sacred is not what thought declares holy—because thought is conditioned, fragmented, and bound to time. What thought calls sacred—an image, a temple, a scripture—is only the projection of the mind’s own desires, fears, and traditions.

The truly sacred cannot be touched by thought, belief, or worship. It is not the opposite of the profane, nor is it something to be reached by discipline or practice. It is

beyond measurement, beyond cause, beyond the duality of sacred and non-sacred.

Krishnamurti would say that the sacred is perceived only when the mind is utterly still—when there is freedom from fear, desire, and the movement of the self. In that stillness, there is an immeasurable beauty and intelligence that is whole, unbroken, and timeless. That is the sacred.

“Where the self is, the sacred is not. When the self is absent, the sacred is.”

*****

The sacred is not in stone,

nor in the word,

nor in the image shaped by hand or mind.

It is not reached through prayer,

nor found in the shadow of a temple.

It is where the self is not—

where thought is utterly still,

and the heart is without measure.

In that stillness,

life is whole.

That wholeness is sacred.

The origin or source of all life — the “immense,” the “immeasurable,” the “sacred” — is beyond the field of thought.

- Any attempt by thought to speculate about it is limited, conditioned, and therefore meaningless.

- The mind must be completely still, without seeking, without expectation; only then, without invitation or motive, the immeasurable may reveal itself.

*****

Life without the self is sacred, though not in the sense given by religions or beliefs. The self, with its cravings, fears, and attachments, divides life into fragments— ‘mine’ and ‘yours,’ ‘higher’ and ‘lower,’ ‘sacred’ and ‘profane.’ In this division, there is conflict, sorrow, and ceaseless striving.

When the self is absent, when the mind is no longer caught in the net of becoming, comparison, and desire, then life is whole. In that wholeness there is no centre, no boundary, no division. It is not personal, not yours or mine, but life itself in its vast, unmeasured beauty.

Such a life is sacred, not because it conforms to an idea of divinity, but because it is untouched by corruption, ambition, and fear. It is divine, not as an object of worship, but as the living flame of compassion and intelligence.

Life without the self is not something to be sought, cultivated, or attained. It comes naturally when the movement of the self is fully understood and ends. In that ending, there is a sacredness which cannot be named, a divinity that is not of belief but of pure being.

*****

The words divine and sacred, as Krishnamurti used them, are not what religions have proclaimed. They are not tied to rituals, beliefs, images, or the authority of tradition. Religions have made these words heavy with dogma, separating the sacred from the ordinary, the divine from daily living.

For Krishnamurti, the sacred has an entirely different meaning. It is not a matter of worship or faith, but the flowering of life when the self is absent. It is the state of a mind free of fear, ambition, and attachment—a mind that moves with compassion and intelligence.

This intelligence is not personal, not born of thought, not conditioned by experience. It is the intelligence of the cosmos itself—the order, harmony, and wholeness that pervade the universe. When the mind is still, free of the self and its noise, that vast intelligence flows through life as compassion, clarity, and love.

So, the divine is not elsewhere, not beyond, not in heaven or in scriptures. It is here, when life is lived without the self, when awareness is whole and untouched by the divisions of thought. That is the truly sacred.

*****

The words sacred, divine—

religion has clothed them

in temples, in rituals,

in promises of heaven.

But they are not that.
They are not in chants or beliefs,
not in altars or prayers.

The sacred is this:
a life without the self,
without fear,
without ambition—
a mind still and clear,
where compassion blooms.

The divine is this:
the intelligence of the cosmos,
the order of the stars,
the silence of a sky without end—
flowing through a mind
that does not divide,
that does not seek,
that simply sees.

When the self is absent,

the sacred is everywhere.
The divine is here—
in the movement of life itself,
whole, immeasurable,
beyond name.

*****

When the self is absent,
when thought no longer divides,
awareness flowers—
choiceless, silent, whole.

In that stillness,
there is no seeker, no path,
only the vast movement of life
without a centre.

You are not separate from the tree,
the bird, the star,
the whisper of the wind.
You are in communion with the universe,
with the immeasurable
that has no name,

no boundary,

no end.

*****

The Sacred Beyond Words

- Prayer is the cry of the self,
  asking, begging, demanding.
  But where the self is not,
  life itself is the blessing.

- Silence is not cultivated.
  It comes when thought is still—
  not by will, not by practice,
  but by seeing.

- Words cannot reach the sacred.
  They echo only the mind.
  In silence beyond thought,
  the immeasurable is.

- The eternal cannot be spoken.
  Words are fragments of time;
  the timeless reveals itself

only when words are quiet.

❖ To listen with a seeking mind
is to hear only echoes.
To listen without a centre
is to touch the immeasurable.

❖ Stillness is not the end of movement—
it is movement without the self.
In that stillness,
the sacred breathes.

❖ The holy is not what man worships,
but the mind that sees
without division,
without fear.

❖ To search for God is illusion.
The searcher is the barrier.
When seeking ends,
the eternal is here.

❖ A mind that measures—
this is greater, that is lesser—

can never know the immeasurable.
Only when comparison ends
does beauty flower.

❖ Love is not born of thought.
It arises when the self is quiet,
when the heart sees without asking
anything in return.

❖ Compassion does not choose.
It is not for one but not the other.
It flows where the self is absent,
embracing all of life.

❖ Where the self is not,
there is vastness,
there is stillness,
there is the sacred.

*****

❖ *When the self ends, the sacred begins; when the mind is still, the divine is here.*

❖ *The sacred is selflessness; the divine is the intelligence of the cosmos flowing through compassion.*

- *Without the self, life is whole—sacred in its silence, divine in its order.*

The Intelligence of Life Is Not the Intelligence of Thought

Life has its own intelligence—

an intelligence not born of thought,

not shaped by experience, memory, or calculation.

It is not the cunning of the intellect,

not the cleverness that builds systems, religions, and empires.

Thought is always old—

a response from the past,

projecting its hopes and fears into the future.

But life is not of time.

It is a movement in the now,

a living flame that renews itself each moment.

This intelligence of life

is not something you can acquire, cultivate, or memorize.

It is there when the mind is still—

when the self is not interfering, not controlling, not becoming.

Krishnamurti would ask:

Can you observe a tree, a face, a sorrow—

without naming it, without judging, without the screen of thought?

In that moment of pure observation,

there is a different kind of intelligence—

an intelligence that acts without conflict,

loves without possession,

and understands without accumulation.

That intelligence is sacred.

It is not yours or mine—

it is the intelligence of the whole of life.

To be in touch with that

is to live without fear,

without division,

without becoming.

*****

The Intelligence of Life

Life has an intelligence

not born of thought,

not carved from memory,

not stitched by time.

It does not calculate,
it does not compare—
it moves without motive,
it flows without fear.

Thought is clever,
but always old—
echoing yesterday
into tomorrow.

It builds systems,
creates gods,
chases ideals,
and calls it truth.

But life is not an idea.
It is the light on a leaf,
the cry of a child,
the silence between two thoughts.

It is whole, undivided—
not yours or mine,

not caught in the net
of belief or identity.

This intelligence
awakens in stillness,
not when the self speaks,
but when the self ends.

It sees without judgment,
acts without conflict,
loves without demand.

To touch it
is not to become wise—
but to be nothing,
and in that nothing,
everything flowers.

*****

The Intelligence Beyond Thought

There is an intelligence that does not arise from thought.

It is not the product of knowledge, nor the outcome of reasoning.

It is not built from memory, tradition, or time.

The intelligence of thought is clever,
It invents machines, sends man to the moon,
builds temples and bombs, systems of belief and profit.
But however refined or complex,
thought is always limited—because it is born of the past.

True intelligence is not limited.

It is not yours or mine.
It is not conditioned by culture, ideology, or experience.
It does not belong to the self,
nor can it be cultivated through method or discipline.

This intelligence is sacred—
not because it is mysterious or distant,
but because it arises when the mind is completely still.

When there is no movement of becoming,
no desire to achieve, no fear of not becoming—
there is silence.
And in that silence, this other intelligence flowers.

It is the same intelligence that moves the stars,
that causes the tree to burst into blossom,

that pulses in the heart of life itself.

It has no beginning and no ending.
It is not subject to cause and effect.
It does not operate through reward or punishment.

Krishnamurti would say:
“When the self is not, that which is sacred comes into being.”

This intelligence is the ground of all being.
It is love, compassion, beauty—not born of thought,
but present when thought ends.

So let the mind be free—
not controlled, not shaped,
but aware without choice, without motive.

Then, in that choiceless awareness,
this sacred intelligence acts.
And in its action, there is rightness, wholeness,
a life untouched by conflict.

*****

The Sacred Intelligence

There is an intelligence not born of thought,
Not forged in books, nor memory wrought.
It does not reason, compare, or decide—
It simply is, like the vast, silent tide.

Thought is clever, cunning, and loud,
It builds a city, draws a crowd.
It speaks of gods, invents the divine,
Yet cannot see beyond its line.

But there is an intelligence older than time,
Not shaped by culture, not chained by rhyme.
It moves in a tree, in a newborn's breath,
It holds no fear, no image of death.

It is sacred—not because we say so,
But because it flows where ego cannot go.
It stirs when the self no longer schemes,
And the mind is quiet, beyond all dreams.

Not yours, not mine, not caught in name,
It burns like a clear and formless flame.

It is the source, the timeless ground,

Where love and compassion are truly found.

When the mind is still, not made to be,

Not forced to kneel or strive to see—

Then in that silence, deep and wide,

The sacred intelligence will abide.

*****

Is Intelligence Merely Structure?

You say that the intelligence of life—a vast electrochemical and material process—is not essentially superior to artificial intelligence, except in one respect: it lacks love and compassion.

Let us go slowly.
What do we mean by intelligence? Is it mere computation, the ability to analyse, predict, or mimic complex patterns? Is it the efficient arrangement of electrons, whether in the brain or in silicon circuits?

The brain, too, is matter—responding through electrochemical impulses. Artificial intelligence, similarly, functions through intricate circuits, guided by logic, algorithms, and vast data sets. In structure, perhaps, they appear alike.
But is intelligence structure?

Thought is structure. Whether in a brain or a machine, thought is born of memory, knowledge, and experience. It is always old, always limited. A machine can be programmed

with more data than a human mind, may respond faster, may even outstrip human thought in efficiency.

But can it see?

Can it know beauty—not as an image, not as a pattern—but as that moment when the self is utterly absent and the mind is still?

Can it feel the sacredness of a tree—not as code, not as object, but in silence that has no measure?

That which is born of memory cannot know compassion.
That which operates in time cannot love.

Love is not a biochemical accident.
Compassion is not the result of evolutionary programming.
They arise only when the self is not—when thought is utterly quiet.

Artificial intelligence, no matter how advanced, is the continuation of mechanical thought. And as long as the human brain functions in the same mode—accumulating, comparing, seeking security—it too is caught in machinery.

True intelligence is not in the ordering of data.
It is in the freedom from disorder—the disorder of the self, of fear, of becoming.
That intelligence is not invented. It is not created.
It is—only when the known has ended.

*****

The Two Kinds of Intelligence

The intelligence of a machine is born of man-made order.

It is the product of logic, structure, and memory—

an arrangement of circuits,

a repetition of pattern,

a vast accumulation of data.

It is precise.

It is tireless.

It is fast.

But it is also limited, for it is born of the known.

Machine intelligence is still thought—

refined, extended, magnified—

but thought nonetheless:

measurable, repeatable, mechanical.

It does not wonder.

It does not observe a tree and feel the mystery of existence.

It does not sit in stillness and sense the immensity of silence.

It does not love.

The intelligence of life is not the result of programming.

It is not a product of memory or calculation.

It is not based on becoming.

It moves in wholeness.

It is the intelligence of a leaf opening to sunlight,

of a bird flying across the sky without knowing where it began.

It is sacred, not because it belongs to religion,

but because it is untouched by fragmentation.

This intelligence flowers only when the mind is free—

free from the known, from the self, from time.

It is not yours or mine.

It is not personal,

nor can it be captured in a formula or code.

The machine may imitate thought,

but it cannot touch the dimension that is beyond thought.

When the mind is utterly quiet—

not controlled, not disciplined, but truly quiet—

then that sacred intelligence may come.

It cannot be summoned.

It comes when there is no one to receive it.

That is the difference:

The machine operates within the known.

Life, in its sacred intelligence, begins where the known ends.

*****

Where the Known Ends

The machine hums—

efficient, tireless, precise.

Its mind is memory,

its breath is code,

its world is the known.

It mimics man,

thinks faster than thought,

predicts, responds,

outpaces the thinker—

but remains thought.

It does not wonder.
It does not weep.
It does not see the evening light
falling on a quiet field
and feel the sacredness of being.

Its intelligence is order,
but order without depth.
It is cleverness, not clarity;
reaction, not understanding.

But life—
life moves in silence,
not in algorithm.

There is an intelligence
in the falling of a leaf,
in the cry of a newborn,
in the stillness between two waves.

It does not strive.
It does not become.
It is—

whole, unmeasured, free.

That intelligence
is not yours to command.
It comes when the mind is still,
when thought has no more ground to stand upon.

You cannot build it.
You cannot teach it.
You cannot replicate it in glass and wire.

For it is not of time.
It is not of matter.
It is sacred.

And the sacred begins
where the machine ends—
where the self ends—
where the known ends.

*****

What Is Man to Do When Artificial Intelligence Takes Over His Work?

When machines begin to perform most of what man once did — faster, more efficiently, without fatigue or complaint — a fundamental question emerges, not only of economy or employment, but of the very purpose of human existence.

If artificial intelligence takes over man's routine, his skill, even his so-called intelligence, then what remains for man to do?
To answer that, one must first ask:
Has work ever truly defined the essence of living?

For centuries, man has been conditioned to identify himself with what he does — his profession, his productivity, his usefulness to society.
But is that the whole of life?

When the machine outpaces him — not only in labour but in logic — man is forced to confront his inner emptiness, which he has long hidden behind activity, ambition, and achievement.

So perhaps, this moment — when the machine begins to dominate the outer — becomes the right occasion for man to turn inward and ask:

- Why have I been living this way?

- Have I ever truly understood myself — beyond function, beyond thought, beyond time?

- Is life merely doing, or is there a dimension of simply being — free from the tyranny of becoming something?

Artificial intelligence may automate work, but it cannot meditate, it cannot perceive beauty without motive, it cannot love without condition.
It may solve problems, but it cannot end sorrow. It can analyse suffering, but it cannot transcend it.

So, what is man to do?

He is to observe.
Not merely the world, but himself — his thoughts, his fears, his constant pursuit of security and significance.

In that observation, choiceless and silent, arises an intelligence that is not of the machine.
An intelligence that is compassion, that is order, that is sacred.

When the outward doing is taken away, what remains is the inner being — which has long been neglected.

And there lies the true revolution:

Not in resisting the machine, nor in escaping into distraction — but in ending the self, the centre of conflict and comparison, so that something immeasurable may flower.

*****

When the ‘Me’ Falls Silent

Life is a living expression of the universe itself—born of its elements, sustained by its energies. Yet, unlike the vast order of the cosmos, which moves in harmony without division, human life has come to be dominated by thought. This dominance creates a separation between our awareness and the total awareness of the universe.

In the universe, there is no centre, no self-image to defend, no craving to become something other than what is. It is whole in its movement. But in us, thought builds the centre—the “me”—and from that centre arise fear, desire, and conflict. Our awareness becomes fragmented, conditioned by the past and projecting into the future, no longer flowing with the timeless order of life.

To see this fact, not as an idea but directly, is the beginning of a different awareness—an awareness in which thought finds its rightful place, and life once again moves as part of the undivided whole.

*****

Born of the stars,
nourished by the breath of the earth,
life is the universe speaking in form.

But thought has taken the throne,
building a self apart from the whole,
and in that division,
awareness has lost its vastness.

The cosmos moves without a centre,
yet we live from a centre

made of memory and desire.

When the noise of thought falls silent,
life flows again
as the timeless song of the universe.

*****

Compassion does not flower through the polishing or refinement of the self. The self, however disciplined, however cultivated, however adorned with virtue, remains rooted in separation and conflict. As long as the self operates, compassion cannot be.

It is only in the complete ending, the total abandonment of the self—the centre of 'I', the storehouse of memory, ambition, and becoming—that compassion reveals itself. Compassion is not the outcome of practice, nor the result of moral training. It is not born of refinement, but of negation—the negation of the self and its endless demands.

When the self is utterly absent, when the mind is no longer occupied with its own shadow, then there is space for compassion. In that silence, in that vast emptiness uncorrupted by thought, there is the fragrance of compassion—boundless, unmeasured, beyond all division.

The Flowering of Compassion

Not through the polishing of the self,
nor through the patient sharpening of its edges,
does compassion awaken.

The self—
however noble its mask,

however disciplined its virtues—
remains the centre of division,
the root of sorrow.

Only in the total ending of the self,
when the ‘I’ dissolves like mist in the morning sun,
does compassion bloom.

It comes unbidden,
unrehearsed,
when thought is still
and memory no longer weighs upon the heart.

In that vast silence
there is no you, no me—
only the fragrance of compassion:
timeless, measureless,
embracing the whole of life.

*****

Where the self ends,

nothing is lost;

even death becomes

a gift of space

to existence.

*****

Question: Your words — “Where the self ends, nothing is lost; even death becomes a gift of space to existence” — are

nonsense. Only a lazy, incapable man says this. The Bhagavad Gita commands us to fight!

Answer: Sir, when you call it nonsense, are you listening at all — or only repeating what tradition has told you?

Question: Tradition is wisdom. The Gita is clear: act, even battle if needed.

Answer: Yes, but are you seeing for yourself, or are you hiding behind authority? To obey blindly is laziness, is it not? To repeat without understanding is incapacity.

Question: Then you deny the Gita?

Answer: I deny neither, I follow no book, no authority — including myself. The real question is: can you look within and see the movement of the 'I'? Can you watch it end, even for a moment?

Question: But without the 'I', who acts? Who fights?

Answer: When the self ends, there is clarity. From clarity comes action — not born of fear, ambition, or obedience. Such action is neither violent nor passive. It is the flame of intelligence itself.

Question: So, the end of self is not escape?

Answer: It is the ending of escape. It is passion without motive. It is energy uncorrupted by the self. In that, nothing is lost.

*****

Where the self ends,
there is no weakness,
no laziness,
no running away.

It is the self that hides in scriptures,
that fights in the name of duty,
that obeys out of fear,
that rebels out of pride.

But when thought is silent
and the ‘I’ is gone,
action is whole,
pure as fire.

Then battle or peace
is not a choice —
it flows from clarity.

In that clarity,
nothing is lost;
even death becomes
a gift of space
to existence.

*****

What is it that cries when something is lost?
Is it not the self—the image, the illusionary ‘me’—that clings and weeps?

The object is gone, the relationship changes, the body weakens;
yet the sorrow is not in the fact of loss itself
but in the self that says, “It was mine.”

The ‘me’ is a bundle of memories,
a network of possessions, attachments, and identifications.
When any thread in this web is broken,
the self feels torn, and it cries.

But when one sees that this ‘me’ is an illusion,
a construct of thought and time,
then loss has a different meaning.
There is no grief, no cry,
for there is no centre that says, “I have lost.”

In that freedom, there is a quietness—
not indifference,
not cold renunciation,
but the compassion that comes
when the heart is unbound by ownership.

*****

What is it that cries
when something is lost?

Is it the thing itself—
or the shadow that calls it mine?

The ‘me’ weeps,
woven of memory,
stitched from possession,
haunted by continuity.

When the thread breaks,
the illusion trembles,
and sorrow flows as tears.

But see—

the ‘me’ is only thought’s echo,
a phantom born of time.

When the illusion is seen,
the cry is silenced.
Loss no longer wounds,
for there is no one to lose.

And in that stillness
compassion flowers—
not of the self,
but of life itself.

*****

When the ‘me’ ends,
there is no loss.
The cry of sorrow
belongs only to illusion.

*****

To Die While Living

Death is not the opposite of life; it is life itself in another form.

Fear ends when the mind sees that my death and your death are the same.

Tomorrow holds no fear when life is lived fully now.

To be free of inward, psychological contradiction is of the highest importance, for where there is contradiction, there is division, and where there is division, there must be conflict. Conflict is not merely an outward battle between two opposing forces; it begins in the hidden recesses of one's own mind and heart.

When there is contradiction — when one part of the mind desires one thing and another part resists — there can be no clarity. The mind becomes a battleground, a field of endless struggle. This inward fragmentation prevents one from seeing anything wholly, totally. It is like looking through a cracked mirror, each fragment reflecting a distorted piece of reality.

To see clearly means to end contradiction. But how does one end contradiction? Not through effort, not through suppression, not by striving to become something else. The moment you strive to become non-violent while being violent, you have already sown the seeds of further conflict. The very idea of becoming is the essence of contradiction.

Take the example of anger. When you feel anger, it is a fact — a living reality at that moment. To see that fact clearly

requires a mind that does not justify, condemn, or compare. The moment you say, “I should not be angry,” you have introduced an ideal, a comparison, and thus a division between “what is” and “what should be.” In that division lies conflict.

Can you look at your anger as it is, without any movement of thought that seeks to escape, rationalize, or control it? This choiceless awareness — simply observing without the observer — is pure seeing. In that seeing, there is no centre from which you are looking; there is only the flame of anger, and that flame burns brightly in the light of total attention.

When you see anger completely, without fragmenting it, without the intervention of thought as an ideal, there is an immediate transformation. The seeing itself is the action. It is not that you first see and then act; rather, the very act of seeing is the ending of anger.

This approach requires great humility and sensitivity, because it means putting aside all the habits of self-deception and the comfort of psychological escapes. It requires a mind that is quiet, alert, and free from the burden of accumulated knowledge and conclusions.

In such awareness, there is no contradiction, no conflict. There is only a pure movement of understanding, a flowering of intelligence that is not born out of books or philosophies, but out of direct perception of “what is.”

It is only in this direct perception that one finds true freedom — the freedom that is not an idea, not a goal to be achieved, but a living reality from moment to moment.

*****

Can one discover the meaning of death while the body is healthy, the mind sharp, and the heart unclouded?

Not at the end, when the body is worn out,

Not when the mind is dulled by age, regret, or fear,

But now—while the mind is attentive,

While the heart is capable of deep inquiry.

For death is not something at the end of life.

It is not the opposite of living.

Death is part of life, as love is part of life.

But because we are so afraid of it,

Because we have filled it with beliefs, rituals, and hopes,

We have separated it from living—

Made it into something distant, tragic, and final.

So let us ask—not intellectually, not speculatively—

But with all the intensity of a mind that wants to see:

What does it mean to die while living?

To die—not physically—

But to die to everything that binds the mind:

To memory, to identity, to ambition, to the past.

Can one let go of all that—voluntarily, choicelessly—

Not through suppression,

But by seeing its falseness?

To die to the image one has built—of oneself, of others.

To die to the attachment to things, people, beliefs.

To die to becoming—to the ceaseless movement of "I must be"

And "I must achieve."

Have you ever tried that?

To wake one morning and not carry the burden of "me"?

To look at a tree, or a face, or the sky

Without the past interfering?

That is death—not morbid, not frightening—

But a profound ending of the known.

Only in such an ending is there something new.

Not imagined, not created by thought—

But a fresh movement, a clarity that is not of time.

And in that same breath, you will know what love is.

For love and death go together.

Love is not possession, not jealousy, not fear of loss.

Those are the shadow of the self.

Where the self ends, love begins.

And where love is, there is no fear of death.

So, to live fully, completely,

One must die each day to what is no longer true—

Die to conclusions, to attachments, to the inward noise of becoming.

Then life and death are not two separate things.

They are one movement—inseparable, sacred, timeless.

*****

On Death, Fear, and the Ending of the Self

Questioner: Sir, I have come with a deep sense of unease. The thought of death disturbs me greatly. Why is it that we fear death so profoundly?

Answer: Is it the actuality of death we fear, or the idea of it?

Questioner: I think… both. The idea of losing all I know—my family, memories, identity—that is frightening. But also, the unknown beyond life.

Answer: Yes, but let us look carefully. When you say death, do you mean the cessation of the body, or something more? The body, inevitably, wears out. But the fear—is it not rooted in the ending of what you call the self? The "me" that has accumulated experience, knowledge, attachment?

Questioner: Perhaps… I'm afraid of not being. Of ceasing to be me.

Answer: So, the fear is not of death, but of the ending of the known. That which you have gathered, identified with, clung to. Death is a mirror held up to our sense of continuity. And we are terrified that it might break the image.

Questioner: But is it wrong to want continuity?

Answer: There is no question of right or wrong. It is simply what is. The mind clings to continuity because it is afraid of emptiness, of non-being. But see what continuity implies—a repetition of memory, thought, habit. Is that living? Or merely a modified continuation of the past?

Questioner: So, are you saying death is not something that happens only at the end of life?

Answer: Quite. Death is the ending of continuity. And it can happen now. Not as a physical ending, but as the ending of attachment, of the self-image, of the accumulations we hold so dearly. Can we die to the past each moment, without fear?

Questioner: But wouldn't that be terrifying? To live with no psychological security?

Answer: Is what we call security actually secure? Our beliefs, our identities, our relationships—are they not in

constant flux, subject to loss and pain? So perhaps real security lies not in clinging, but in letting go.

Questioner: Then what remains if the self ends?

Answer: Ah, that is the beauty. When the self is not, there is no centre to defend, to fear, to desire. In that silence, something else may be. Not invented by thought. But you cannot seek it. You must die to the known, without hope.

Questioner: That feels almost impossible.

Answer: It is not a matter of achieving. See the whole movement of fear—how it arises, how it feeds on thought and time. The very effort to become free is another form of continuity. Only when you see this whole movement in its totality does something else awaken—a freedom untouched by time or death.

Questioner: So, to truly live, one must learn to die each day?

Answer: Yes. Not as an idea, but as an actual fact. Die to your yesterday, your grievances, your conclusions. Then you will meet life—and death—afresh. Without fear.

Silence fills the space, not as an absence, but as presence.

*****

The Ending of the Known

Setting: A quiet garden in the early morning. The teacher and the questioner sit on a stone bench beneath a fig tree. The air is still, the light soft. A bird sings nearby.

Questioner: Why are we so afraid of death? Even when we know it's inevitable, it still fills us with dread. Why?

Teacher: Let us begin not with the answer, but with the seeing. Have you observed what death actually is—not as an idea, but as a fact?

Questioner: As a fact… It's the end, isn't it? The end of everything we know—our thoughts, our memories, our relationships.

Teacher: Yes, the end of the known. But the mind clings to the known, does it not? To its continuity, to the image it has built of itself. And it is this clinging that gives rise to fear. Not death itself.

Questioner: Then we are not afraid of death, but of losing what we believe we are?

Teacher: Precisely. The 'me'—with its ambitions, sorrows, hopes, attachments—seeks perpetuation. It is that which resists the ending. And so, death becomes a thing of terror, because we want continuity.

Questioner: But isn't this self real? I feel it. I remember. I act. I suffer.

Teacher: You feel it, yes. But does that make it real in the sense of something permanent? Or is it a movement—a stream of memory, reaction, identification?

Questioner: So, you are saying the self is a process?

Teacher: A process of thought. Thought, in its very nature, is limited—born of time, rooted in experience. And what is born in time must end.

Questioner: Then if I deeply understood this—not intellectually, but totally—would the fear of death end?

Teacher: It would. Because fear arises from resistance. But when you see that the self is a construct—when there is no longer any clinging to the continuity of that construct—then death is no longer an event in the future. It is a living fact now.

Questioner: What do you mean, death is now?

Teacher: The ending of the self—not biologically, but psychologically—can take place this very moment. To die to the past, to memory, to attachment, to the image one has of oneself. That is true death. And in that ending, there is a beginning.

Questioner: A beginning of what?

Teacher: Of that which is not born of thought. Of a silence, a vastness, a compassion not shaped by desire. But to come to that, the house must be emptied—the house of the self.

Questioner: It sounds so final.

Teacher: It is final. Truth has no continuity. It is not something you carry from moment to moment. It is found only in the ending.

Questioner: So, to live without fear is to die every day?

Teacher: Not every day—every moment. To let go completely of the known. Then life and death are not two separate things, but a single movement beyond the self.

The bird has fallen silent. The two sit quietly, as the morning light grows stronger. There is no need for more words.

*****

They asked:

“Are you not afraid of tomorrow?”

He said:

Why should I be?

If I die, or if my family dies,

both are death,

both are part of life’s ending.

It is thought that divides—

my life, my family, my security.

But death makes no division.

It is the same movement,

the same silence,

the same unknown.

Fear is born of clinging—
to continuity,
to tomorrow,
to the image of what must remain.
Thought clings to the known,
projects the future,
and trembles at its own shadow.

But when the mind sees clearly,
without escape,
without hope,
death is not the enemy of life.
It is life itself—
renewing, ending, beginning—
a vast movement beyond measure.

Then tomorrow holds no shadow,
for in the now,
the whole of life is present.
To live without fear of tomorrow
is to live with complete care,
with attention,
with compassion—

for there is only this moment,
and in it,
the timeless.

*****

When the mind sees clearly,
without escape, without hope,
death is not the enemy of life.
It is life itself—
renewing, ending, beginning—
a vast movement beyond measure.

But renewal is not rebirth.
Rebirth is the hope of the self,
the projection of continuity,
the dream of “I” returning
in another form,
in another time.

Renewal is different:
it is the ending of the self,
completely, without remainder.
In that ending,

there is freshness—
a newness untouched by yesterday,
a silence unmarked by time.

To die each moment
to memory, to attachment,
to the known—
is to be reborn now,
not tomorrow,
not in another life.

In such dying
is true renewal,
and in that renewal
the timeless lives.

*****

The Ending of Illusion Is the Beginning of Life

"When the self ends, life reveals its own intelligence—compassion."

"Life without attachment is not emptiness; it is compassionate intelligence in bloom."

"The self divides; compassion unites. In freedom, life is whole."

"Life without the self is not an end, but the beginning of true living."

"The self builds survival in conflict; without it, life flowers in compassion."

"The real question is not if we can live without the self, but if we can live with it."

"When the past is seen as the self, it loses its hold."

"Freedom is not in escaping the past, but in seeing that I am the past."

"I am the past; when this is seen wholly, the past ends."

"Where the self is, love is not."

So, you ask: is the life we are living—the life of ambition, comparison, fear, and constant becoming—actually life?
Or is it a fabrication of thought, a projection of the self, a shadow of what life truly is?

The so-called life we cling to—
Made up of memories, identities, opinions, and endless desires—
Is not life in its wholeness.
It is a fragmented existence, bound by time,
Driven by the illusion of the "me,"
The centre that separates, isolates, and seeks security in division.

This "me"—with its fears, its hopes, its endless becoming—
Is not a fixed reality.
It is a movement of thought,
A continuity built on memory and experience.

Thought, though useful in the practical world,
Creates an image of self that is always in conflict—
Wanting to be this, avoiding that,
Becoming something tomorrow, never at peace today.

So, when you say, "This is my life,"
You are often pointing to that structure of thought—
The known, the accumulated, the reactive.

But is that life?

Or is it merely a projection,
An illusion sustained by fear and habit?

To discover what true life is,
The illusion of the self must come to an end—
Not through effort, not through will or discipline,
But through insight—through seeing.

When the mind sees that the "self" is a movement of thought—
And not an actuality—
It naturally comes to a stillness.
Not a cultivated stillness,
But a silence that arises when illusion ends.

And in that silence, life begins—
Not as "your" life or "my" life,
But as a vast, indivisible movement without a centre.

That life has no name,
No goal,
No authority.

It is whole, sacred, and free.

So yes—what we call life is often the illusion.
And when the illusion of self dissolves,
That which is beyond all images begins—
The true life, untouched by thought,
Vast, unconditioned, timeless.

*****

To live is not merely to breathe, to function, to survive—

but to be fully present in the movement of life without the veil of illusion.

And the deepest illusion is the illusion of thought—

the images it projects, the identities it constructs,

the past it carries forward as knowledge, memory, and belief.

Thought fragments life—

it separates the observer from the observed,

the thinker from thought,

the experiencer from the experience.

It divides love from living, beauty from the ordinary, the sacred from the everyday.

To live without illusion is to see things as they are—

not through the screen of opinion, comparison, or desire.

It is to observe without the interference of the "me,"

without translating everything into personal gain or loss.

Such living is not fragmented, not broken into compartments of duty, pleasure, fear, and ambition.

It is unfragmented living—whole, complete in each moment,

a movement without residue, without psychological continuity.

When the mind is no longer escaping, no longer clinging, no longer seeking,

there is a quality of stillness in its very observation.

And in that stillness, untouched by time or thought,

there may be something truly sacred—

not invented by man, not held in temples or books,

but arising when the self is not.

Such living—whole, unburdened, without illusion—

is the beginning and the ending of sacredness.

*****

Life, all life, is one when the shadow of division falls away.

It is thought that casts the shadow—naming, separating, elevating one form above another.

When that shadow is seen for what it is and allowed to wither,

there is no “higher” and “lower,” no “mine” and “yours.”

The tree, the bird, the man, the river—

each moves in the same current of existence,

not as fragments opposed to one another,

but as expressions of the vast movement of life itself.

To look without the shadow is to see that life is sacred,

not because it belongs to you or me,

but because it simply is—

a timeless unfolding beyond measure.

*****

Someone may say: How can you deny thought, unless you are mad? Thought, they argue, is the very essence of life, the mark of an evolved human being. Without thought, there would be no science, no art, no civilization, no human existence as we know it. It is seen as a boon to mankind, a gift that even the gods and demi-gods employ in their conflicts.

But to question thought is not to deny its utility. Thought has its place—practical, necessary, indispensable in daily living. Yet when thought overreaches, when it assumes authority in the field of relationship, of fear, of sorrow, of the search for truth, it breeds division and conflict. Thought, being born of memory and time, is always old; it can never touch the new.

The problem is not thought itself, but our dependence on it in matters where it cannot bring clarity. To see the limitation of thought is not madness; it is sanity. When the mind sees where thought has value and where it brings distortion, there is an order born of intelligence. In that intelligence, life is no longer a battleground of gods or men, but a flowering of understanding without conflict.

*****

Life, as we ordinarily live it, is burdened with the self—its desires, its fears, its endless attachments. The self is a bundle of memories, of images, of wounds and longings. It clings to

possessions, to people, to beliefs, saying: ‘This is mine, this is me, this I cannot lose.’ And from this clinging comes conflict, sorrow, and division.

But life is not the self. The tree, the river, the song of a bird, the vast sky at night—they live without the burden of ‘me’ and ‘mine.’ To see this directly is to discover that life can be lived without the self and its attachments. When there is no centre demanding security, there is no fear of loss, no craving to become, no need to defend an image.

In that freedom, life reveals its own intelligence—a compassion not born of will or cultivated virtue, but of wholeness. It is an intelligence that acts instantly, without motive, because it is not weighed down by the past or driven by reward. This compassionate intelligence is the very order of life itself—spontaneous, incorruptible, and infinitely tender.

*****

Life, as we live it,

is burdened with the self—

its fears, its desires,

its chains of attachment.

The self clings and cries,

“This is mine, this is me,

this I cannot lose.”

And from its grasp

are born conflict and sorrow.

But life is not the self.
The tree, the river,
the song of a bird,
the vast sky at night—
they know nothing of “mine.”

When the self falls silent,
when attachment loosens its grip,
life moves in freedom.

Then a new intelligence flowers—
not of thought, not of effort,
but of wholeness.

Compassionate intelligence:
tender, incorruptible,
the very order of life itself.

*****

The question is often asked: can human life survive without the self? We imagine that without the self there would be emptiness, confusion, or chaos. But is this so? The self, with

its memories and projections, has built society as we know it—its struggles, its divisions, its violence. That life, surely, is survival in conflict, not true living.

To live without the self is not to deny thought or practical existence. We need thought to build a house, to till the field, to communicate. But thought has assumed a place where it does not belong: in love, in relationship, in the search for truth. There, it brings disorder.

Life without the self is not the end of life—it is the beginning of life. It is a life where thought functions in its limited field, but the mind is no longer burdened by fear, ambition, comparison, or the endless pursuit of becoming. Such a life has order without control, action without conflict, love without attachment.

So, the real question is not whether human beings can survive without the self, but whether we can survive with it—survive the wars, the greed, the division, the sorrow that the self inevitably creates. To be free of the self is not the extinction of life; it is the flowering of a life rooted in compassion and intelligence.

*****

Can life survive without the self?

We fear it cannot—

for the self has built our houses,

tilled our fields,

given shape to our words.

Yet the same self
has also built our wars,
our divisions, our endless sorrow.
Is that survival,
or slow destruction?

Thought is needed—
to plant, to build, to speak.
But thought cannot love,
cannot touch truth,
cannot end fear.

Life without the self
is not emptiness,
not chaos.
It is the beginning of life:

Order without control,
action without conflict,
love without attachment.

The real question is not,
“Can we live without the self?”

but—

“Can we live at all with it?”

*****

I am the result of the past. My thoughts, my memories, my fears, my longings—all are the accumulation of yesterday. I am the past. And whatever action I take to free myself from the past is still born of the past, because it is the past that is acting through me.

So long as I say, ‘I must overcome the unconscious,’ it is still the unconscious—the past—seeking to overcome itself. This only creates further division, further conflict, and continuity of what has been.

But when the truth of this is seen—that the observer and the observed are both the past—then a great freedom opens. For if I cannot do anything about the unconscious, then the unconscious has no hold upon me. In that very seeing, without effort, the past comes to an end.

Freedom is not in escaping the past or in trying to control it; freedom is in the perception that I am the past. And when this fact is seen wholly, without resistance or choice, the past loses its power. In that seeing, there is a newness, an innocence, untouched by time.

*****

I am the result of the past.

I am the past—

the memories, the wounds,

the longings and fears
gathered through time.

Whatever I do
to escape the past
is still the past in motion—
the old trying to free itself
from the old.

The observer is the observed,
the seeker is the sought,
the healer is the wound.

But when this is seen,
wholly, without resistance,
a strange freedom appears.

If I cannot do anything
about the unconscious,
then the unconscious
has no power over me.

In that seeing,

the past ends.

And in its ending

is a freshness,

a silence,

a life untouched by time.

*****

Why Does Human Life Struggle More Than Other Creatures?

Have you noticed, sir,
That the life of a bird, a deer, a tree—
Unfolds without conflict?
The bird does not ask if it is successful.
The deer does not seek to become something other than what it is.
There is hunger, yes—danger, yes—
But not this endless inward struggle.

But human beings—despite all intelligence, technology, and thought—
Seem to suffer far more than any other creature.

Why?

Food, shelter, and survival are simple needs.
Even animals meet them without anxiety or ambition.

But we, as human beings, have made life extraordinarily complex.

Why?

Because we are not only responding to actual needs—
We are responding to imagined fears,
To desires created by thought,
To illusions sustained by comparison and memory.

Thought, with its capacity to project, to remember, to imagine,
Has created an inner world that battles constantly with the outer.

We want more than we need.
We fear what may happen tomorrow.
We compare ourselves endlessly to others—
Striving to become, to succeed, to be someone.

So human life becomes a struggle—
Not because life is difficult,
But because the self—the image we carry of who we are and what we must be—
Creates a battlefield within us.

We are not satisfied to live simply.
We want to be admired, secure, important.
And in that wanting, begins sorrow.

So, the question is not why life is hard—
But why we have made it so.

Can we observe this whole movement—
The movement of thought, fear, desire—
Without condemning, without trying to change it?

Just to see it clearly—
As you would see a thorn in your foot.

That seeing brings its own action.
It is not effort—it is understanding.
And in that understanding,
The struggle ends.

Then life, even with its challenges,
Is not a burden.
It is a movement of wholeness—
Of intelligence and beauty.

*****

The Thorn in the Mind

The bird does not strive to be noble,

The tree does not dream of greatness.

The deer does not wish it were a lion,

Nor does the sky try to shine more than the sea.

They live—

Simply, wholly, without inward noise.

They move with the rhythm of life,

Not against it.

But we—

We suffer, we struggle,

Not only for bread,

But for name, for place, for meaning.

We are not content to live—

We must become.

To be something,

To rise, to matter, to continue.

And so, begins the long sorrow.

We do not merely meet hunger—

We imagine famine.

We do not simply relate—

We possess, compare, and grieve.

Thought has made the simple—complicated,

The clear—confused,

The direct—burdened with memory and fear.

We carry the image of ourselves

As something incomplete,

Always reaching,

Never still.

This is the thorn in the mind—

Not life itself,

But the self-created illusion

That life must serve the “me.”

And so, we fight—

Not for survival,

But for identity.

But look—

Is this struggle necessary?

Is it life that is hard,

Or the self that makes it so?

To see this clearly—

Not through books, not through belief,

But with your whole being—

Is to pull the thorn from the mind.

Then life flows again,

Not as a burden to endure,

But as a movement without centre—

Fresh, free, and sacred.

*****

The Responsibility of Awareness

The world is moving in a direction that is not truly evolution,

but a continuation of the old pattern—

a movement of greater technological advancement,

greater control, greater distraction,

but not greater wisdom, not inner freedom.

This so-called progress is rooted in the same structure of the self—

ambition, fear, greed, competition, and conflict.

It is an outward evolution,

while inwardly, we remain fragmented, confused, and deeply conditioned.

True evolution is not the refinement of the self,

but the ending of the self—

the psychological centre that divides, isolates, and perpetuates suffering.

In this crisis of consciousness,

it is the deep responsibility of the thoughtful and the aware,

not to impose, not to lead, not to convert,

but to bring about a silent revolution—

a revolution of compassion, intelligence, and choiceless awareness

in the hearts of the young.

This inner revolution cannot be organized,

it cannot be taught in schools as knowledge.

But it can be awakened—

through direct perception, through deep listening,

through a life that itself is the expression of clarity and care.

To live without the self—without the centre of accumulation—

is not a theory or ideal,

but the very heart of sacred living.

And if there is to be hope for humanity,

it must begin there—

in lives that embody this freedom,

and in minds that are no longer caught in becoming.

*****

A Silent Revolution

The world rushes forward—

louder, faster, brighter—

but not wiser.

It calls this movement evolution,
yet it is only the old in new disguise—
ambition polished,
greed justified,
conflict hidden behind progress and pride.

The mind is cluttered,
the heart uncertain.
We build towers,
but not understanding.
We reach the stars,
but not ourselves.

This is not true growth—
not the flowering of intelligence.
It is the deepening of division,
the sharpening of the self.

But there is another way—
not to be followed,
not to be taught,
but to be seen.

A silent revolution—
not in the streets,
but in the stillness of the heart.

Not through slogans,
but through seeing.
Not through noise,
but through attention.

It is the sacred task of the aware,
those who have touched a deeper flame,
to awaken in the young
a life untouched by the self—
a life not driven by becoming,
but rooted in being.

This cannot be forced.
It blooms in love,
in listening,
in a presence that does not seek to shape,
but to understand.

To live without the shadow of “me,”
without the burden of becoming—

is to live wholly,
freely,
compassionately.

And from such lives
a new humanity may be born—
not crafted by ambition,
but by awareness.

*****

Let The Flame be yours

In his final days, someone gently pleaded with Krishnamurti:

“Sir, you must stay longer. Your presence is needed. Humanity has not yet awakened. You must help us further in our evolution of awareness.”

To this, he quietly replied:

“The body and mind must be alert, sensitive, and wholly alive. If that is no longer so, then what is the point in continuing?”

He was not being cold or indifferent. He was pointing, as always, to the truth beyond the speaker, beyond the personality. His concern was never for continuity of the individual—but for the flowering of insight, for the ending of sorrow in each human being.

He never said, “Follow me.” He said, “Look—not at me, but at yourself.”

He knew that truth is not carried forward by memory. It must be seen afresh in each moment, by each mind, for itself. The speaker may go—but the seeing must begin in you.

What is the use of a withering body repeating yesterday’s truth?

The mind that is not alert, not watchful, becomes mechanical. Even the most profound truth, when reduced to a ritual or tradition, becomes a burden. It loses its flame.

Krishnamurti was not the light. He was only pointing to the light within you.

And he made this very clear:

“Truth is a pathless land. It cannot be organized, handed down, or preserved. It must be discovered anew—now, or never.”

So, the question is not why he did not continue longer. The real question is:

Will you see while you are still alive?
Will you question deeply while the body is still healthy,
while the heart has not grown indifferent,
while the mind is not dull with belief?

We often delay, thinking there is time. But Krishnamurti warned:

“There is no tomorrow for truth.

Either you see it now, or you do not.”

So let the urgency be yours.

Let the responsibility be yours.

Let the flame be yours.

For when insight lights the mind,

even in one human being,

it is enough to change the world.

*****

The Beauty of Being Nothing

Sit quietly for a moment.

Let the noise of becoming fade.

There is no one to become.

No person is great.

No person is less.

These are ideas born of measurement—

And where there is measurement, there is division.

The mind has been trained to compare,

To admire one and dismiss another,

To place itself on a scale of worth—

Always seeking to rise, never content to simply be.

But is not this whole movement—the striving, the struggle—

The very root of our sorrow?

Look at the one who seeks greatness.

He is restless, never still,

Haunted by the eyes of others,

Chained to the image he must uphold.

And the one who feels small,

Feels defeated by that same image—

The ideal projected by a world that worships noise,

And forgets the quietness of the heart.

There is a different way.

A life not centred on the self,

Not moulded by ambition,

Not fed by the craving to be known.

A life that flows gently,

Without resistance,

Without the need to assert or display.

Such a life is invisible to the world,

But radiant in its simplicity.

It moves without a centre.

It acts without a motive.

It gives without remembering.

It loves without seeking reward.

This is the beauty of being nothing—
Not in despair,
But in freedom.

For only when you are nothing,
Can you see everything.

Only when there is no self to protect,
Can you feel the wholeness of existence.

Do not seek greatness.
Do not seek obscurity.
Let both fall away.

And simply watch—
With a mind that does not measure,
With a heart that does not possess.

Then, in that stillness,
You will come upon something sacred.
Not given by another,
Not found in books,

But born in the flame of attention,

Where the self is not.

That is the true beauty—

The beauty of a selfless life,

Lived anonymously,

Like a wild flower by the roadside—

Unseen, untouched,

But full of fragrance.

They may say,

“That is a useless life—

It bears no fruit, no success,

No story to tell, no banner to wave.”

But only the mind caught in utility

Asks, what is the use?

Only the mind conditioned to profit and purpose

Asks, what do I get in return?

But love has no use.

Beauty has no purpose.

The song of a bird at dawn

Is not for your gain.

So why must a sacred life
Have a function?
A life lived in stillness,
Without the burden of becoming,
Without the greed to continue in another form—
Is not such a life holy?

Not holy in the eyes of tradition,
Nor sacred because it promises a heaven,
But holy in itself—
Because it is whole.

It does not fragment itself
Into the useful and the useless.
It does not measure the immeasurable
By the yardstick of society.

You may pass such a life by,
Not seeing its light,
Because you are looking for brightness—
Not clarity.

You are searching for reward—
Not truth.

But truth is not a commodity.
It is not promised in the afterlife,
Nor guaranteed by belief.
It is found now,
In a mind that is quiet,
In a heart that is unburdened by becoming.

So let them say it is useless.
That is their prison—
The prison of function and fame.

You—
Live without being anything.
Die to every image.
And let life flower,
Freely, silently,
Without applause.

Then you will know the sacred.

Not as a word,

Not as a future,

But as a living flame

That burns where the self is not.

That is the most sacred life—

Not with the promise of heaven,

But with the presence of wholeness.

*****

When the Self Is Not

You are life—

but you have added something to it.

A centre.

A name.

A story stitched from time.

You are the sacred—

but veiled in thought,

wrapped in memory,

chained by desire.

You are now:
life plus self.
sacredness plus shadow.

And in that addition,
you have divided the whole.

The self says:
“This is my life.”
“I must become something.”
“I must find the sacred.”

But the very ‘I’
that seeks the sacred
is the barrier to it.

It is the noise that drowns silence.
The dust that covers clarity.
The image that obscures the real.

Can you see it—
not in theory,
but in the still mirror of your own being?

Can you see the self arise—
in pride, in hurt, in ambition, in fear—
and just watch it,
without naming, without judging,
without trying to become something else?

Then that seeing
is the flame
that ends the illusion.

And when the self ends—
not through discipline,
not through control,
but through understanding—

what remains
is life.
Whole.
Sacred.
Silent.

Not your life.

Not a better version of the self.

But life untouched—

like wind through an open window,

like light without shape or shadow.

The sacred is.

Only when the self is not.

*****

In JK teaching:

- You are nothing means you are not the image you carry of yourself—your name, profession, beliefs, possessions, or past experiences. All of these are products of thought. When the self (the centre of "I" and "mine") ends, what remains is no-thing—a state of complete emptiness without psychological content.

- This emptiness is not a void of despair, but a state of extraordinary clarity, sensitivity, and freedom. In this nothingness there is no division, no conflict, and therefore a quality of sacredness.

- He would often say that only when you are nothing can you be in relationship with everything, because there is no barrier of the self.

*****

To be nothing
is not despair,
nor emptiness without life.

It is the ending of the self—
the image,
the memory,
the centre that says “I.”

Thought has built the structure of “me,”
brick by brick,
over centuries of fear and desire.
When thought is quiet,
the structure falls.

In that falling,
there is space—
vast,
without boundary,
untouched by time.

From that nothingness
flows compassion,

clarity,

and love.

To be nothing

is to be in communion

With all life.

*****

Question: When I listen to you, I sometimes feel I understand. But I wonder—at the very moment of that understanding, is there someone inside me who says, I understand?

Answer: The moment you say, I understand, is it still understanding? When there is actual perception—direct, unclouded—there is no commentator inside to claim it. Understanding simply is. It has no owner.

Question: Is it like joy?

Answer: Yes. Think of joy without cause—joy not born of gain, memory, or anticipation. In that pure moment, there is no I to say, I am joyous. The instant the "I" appears to claim it, joy becomes something remembered, something sought after. It is no longer the living flame—it has turned into an image of what was.

Question: Then the moment I say, I am happy, I am no longer happy?

Answer: Exactly. True happiness, like love or beauty, cannot be possessed. The self that tries to hold it turns it into a

shadow of itself. In the space where there is no self, joy blooms and withers naturally—without motive, without capture. That is why the deepest moments of life are wordless.

*****

The Beauty Beyond Measure

Beauty is not in the object, nor in the eye that gazes upon it.
It is in that moment when the mind is utterly still—
not naming, not comparing, not desiring to hold.

When there is no “me” looking at the flower,
the flower is seen in its wholeness,
and in that seeing there is a freshness,
a vitality untouched by thought.

Beauty is there when the observer is not.
It is the silence between two notes of music,
the vastness of a sky before a word is spoken,
the smile of a stranger before the self claims it.

It cannot be cultivated, pursued, or repeated.
It comes when the heart is free from ambition,
when the mind is unclouded by fear,
when there is attention without a centre.

Then, in the rustling of leaves,
in the play of light on water,
in the face lined with sorrow and love,
there is beauty—
not yours, not mine,
but of life itself, immeasurable and whole.

No one to praise, no one to be praised:

I praise God—
that immense, immeasurable energy,
that supreme intelligence behind all life.

But a question arises:
Does my praise reach Him?
Is there someone to receive it?

They say God is everywhere—
not distant, not seated in some throne above the clouds,
but here, in the tree, in the sky,
in the movement of a leaf,
and perhaps, in the stillness of your own mind.

Yet I speak words,
I chant His name,
I offer prayers shaped by language.

But language itself is young—
just a few thousand years old.

Before words existed,
before man knew how to utter “God”—
was there no prayer?
Was there no communion?

If God is truly the timeless,
then communion with that which is beyond time
cannot be through time-bound words and thoughts.

Words are symbols,
and thought is memory,
always rooted in the known,
in the past.

But the divine—if it exists—
is not the past, nor the known.
It is not an image shaped by fear,
nor an idea sculpted by longing.

“To find the real, the mind must be completely still.”

That stillness is not cultivated, not forced.
It comes when the self, with its desires and fears,

ceases to interfere.

True communion, then,
is not through chanting,
not through repetition,
not through thought or effort.

It is through non-self silence—
a silence that is not yours or mine,
a silence in which the observer is not.

In that silence,
perhaps there is no one to praise,
no one to be praised,
but only the sacredness of being.

And that may be the only true communion
between man and what he calls God.

*****

What is the relationship between God, the immeasurable and man?

Sir, before we can ask about God, or the immeasurable, or that which is beyond all thought, we must first understand the mind of man.

Man has invented God out of his fear, out of his loneliness, out of his longing for security. The temples, the rituals, the beliefs—all these are the projections of thought. And thought, however noble, is still limited, for it is the response of memory, of the past. So, the God of man is the invention of man.

Now, is there something beyond this projection? Something not put together by thought? To find out, one must see very clearly the movement of one's own mind, the illusions it creates, the escapes it pursues. When the mind becomes completely still—not disciplined, not forced, but naturally still—then perhaps there is that which is not measurable, which no word can touch.

But to ask what is the relationship between that immeasurable and man is a wrong question. For the self, the 'me,' cannot have relationship with the immeasurable. Only when the self ends, when the centre with its fears and desires is not, is there that vastness. Then man is not separate from it. Then there is no 'man and God,' no division—only the immeasurable itself."

*****

Life Is Life — Not Possessiveness

Life is — simply, silently, without condition.
It moves with beauty and indifference — the bird in the sky, the leaf trembling in the wind, the newborn's cry, the death of a star.
It has no motive, no centre, no ambition.
Life is vast, immeasurable, sacred.

But the moment we say "mine", we separate ourselves from life.

We do this in relationship, in love, in ideas:
"My child, my partner, my belief, my experience, my truth."

This movement of possession is the movement of the self — the ego —
which seeks to hold, to secure, to extend its own continuity.

And in that movement, life is reduced — to property, to memory, to attachment.
The sacred is profaned by the hand that grasps.

Krishnamurti said:

"Where there is possession, there is fear. And where there is fear, there is no love."

We confuse possessiveness with love — just as we confuse knowledge with intelligence, and belief with truth.

But life cannot be possessed — not your child, not your partner, not even your own body or thoughts.
All things in life arise and pass away — constantly.

To possess is to resist this flow — to freeze time, to cling to the illusion of permanence.

But life is change. It is movement. It is freedom.

So, to live — truly — is to live without possessiveness.
To relate without owning.
To act without seeking reward.
To love without needing return.

This is not indifference — it is the flowering of compassion.

To Observe Without Possessing

Can you look at a tree without wanting it for yourself?
Can you listen to someone without forming an opinion?
Can you be with another — not as an extension of your desire, but as a mirror of life itself?

This requires a mind that is free —
free of the "me" and "mine,"
free of attachment and fear.

In such freedom, life reveals its depth —
not through accumulation, but through stillness.

Life is life.
Not your version of it. Not your interpretation.

It is not a possession, not a continuity of the self.

To see this clearly — not just intellectually, but with your whole being —
is to be in communion with the vastness of existence.

And that is where love is.
Where beauty is.
Where truth is.

Not in possessiveness — but in the ending of the self.

*****

Life Is Life

Life is.
It flows — not for you, not for me —
but as the river flows, the stars revolve, the leaf falls.
It needs no meaning, no title, no owner.

But we come with our nets —
“Mine,” we say,
“My love, my child, my belief.”

And in that grasping,
we do not hold life —
we kill it.

Possessiveness is not love.
It is fear dressed as devotion,
attachment masquerading as care.

To say “mine”

is to break the whole.

But life cannot be broken —
only resisted.

It moves in freedom —
untouched by the mind that clings,
unmoved by the heart that demands.

To live — truly —
is to be empty of ownership,
to look without naming,
to care without claiming.

Then love is not a shadow of thought,
but a flame —
untouched, undirected, whole.

Life is life —
not yours, not mine —
but sacred,
when there is no self to possess it.

*****

Can Life Exist Without Attachment?

To answer this question, not theoretically, not as a matter of belief, but to actually see it, one must first inquire: what do we mean by life, and what do we mean by attachment?

For most of us, life is a series of relationships, responsibilities, memories, and pursuits. And in these, we are almost always attached—to people, to possessions, to ideas, to identities. We cling to the known, to habits, to patterns, to names, to places. And that attachment gives us a sense of continuity—a sense of me, stretched across time.

So, we say, "Without attachment, what is left?"
We fear that what is left will be empty, dry, meaningless.

But is that really so?
Or is it that the fear arises because we only know living through attachment?

Look more deeply.

Attachment is the movement of thought identifying with something—a person, an image, a memory—and saying, "This is mine." And where there is "mine," there must be fear—fear of loss, of change, of being alone.

In attachment, there is dependence.
And in dependence, there is sorrow.

So, can life exist without attachment?

Life is, whether you are attached or not.

The stars move, the trees grow, the birds sing, whether you cling or not.

But the quality of your life—whether it is whole, free, and sacred—depends on this:
Are you living through the self and its attachments, or is there a life beyond the self?

A life without attachment is not a life of indifference or cold withdrawal.
It is a life of immense sensitivity.
Because you are no longer bound by the fear of loss, you can truly see.
Because you do not possess, you can truly love.

Attachment narrows perception; it makes the heart heavy.
Freedom from attachment opens the door to intelligence—not the intelligence of calculation, but of deep insight.

In that freedom, life is no longer a series of burdens to be carried,
But a movement of undivided wholeness.

So yes—life not only can exist without attachment—
It begins to flower fully only when attachment ends.

And in that flowering,
There is joy,
There is clarity,
There is sacredness.

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As the universe moves in its own vast rhythm—
The stars are born, burn, and vanish,

The seasons come and go,
Life rises and falls like a breath—
There is no one asking, “What is the purpose?”
No thought naming it divine or meaningless.

It simply is—immense, unmeasured, unknowable.
It flows without resistance, without becoming,
Without the noise of ambition.
Burdened by desire, fear, comparison, and attachment.

*****

Can One Live Anonymously?

To live anonymously is not merely to hide one's name, or to escape into the shadows of society.
It is not a reaction against fame or success.
It is something far more profound.

The real question is:
Can one live without the need to be somebody?

From childhood, we are trained to seek recognition—
To become known, respected, remembered.
We carry the burden of becoming—
Spiritually, socially, professionally.

This becoming gives rise to the self—
The image that says, "I am this," or "I must be that."
And from that image flows comparison, competition, ambition.

Even in the world of so-called religion, we want to be known as virtuous, enlightened, awakened.
We want to be acknowledged.
But the desire to be something—even spiritually—is still rooted in the self.

Can one live without all that?

Can one move through this world—not with indifference, not in isolation—
But with deep sensitivity, and yet with no desire to be seen?

Can you live without a name in your own mind?
Without the constant narrative that says, “I am this, I did that, I will become…”?

To live anonymously means:
To act without the shadow of the actor.
To love without calling it your love.
To serve without stamping it with your name.
To speak without seeking applause.
To live without leaving a psychological footprint.

This is not humility.
It is not modesty cultivated by thought.
It is the natural outcome of a mind that has no image of itself.

When the self is absent,
There is no one to glorify,
No one to protect,
No one to remember.

Then action is pure,
Relationship is direct,
And life becomes extraordinarily light.

To live anonymously is the highest form of intelligence.
It is freedom from the burden of becoming.
It is a life of clarity, of beauty, and of compassion—
Unnoticed by the world,
But radiant in its own silence.

Such a life is sacred.
Not because others call it so,
But because it is untouched by thought,
Unstained by image,
And therefore, timeless.

*****

Action Without the Shadow of Becoming

This question arises from a very deep-rooted confusion in the mind:

the confusion between functional living and psychological becoming.

We assume that without the desire to become something,

without ambition, without the image of success or failure,

we will become lazy, indifferent, or irresponsible.

But is that really so?

Let us look at it carefully, without conclusion.

To earn one's livelihood—

to teach, to cultivate land, to build, to heal,

to feed a child or care for one's body—

is not the problem.

That is action, necessary and natural.

But the psychological burden attached to it—

the desire to be important,

the fear of not being enough,

the comparison with others who are more successful—

that is what creates conflict, stress, and inner distortion.

The drive of becoming is not about action itself.

It is about the idea of the self moving toward an ideal.

It is the thought that says:

“I must be better,”

“I must be someone,”

“I must climb higher than others.”

This becoming strengthens the self-image,

and from that image arise fear, anxiety, frustration, competition, sorrow.

Krishnamurti asks:

“Can you live without comparison, without measurement—without becoming?”

So, the question is not:

“If I don’t become, will I stop working?”

The real question is:

Can action be done without the psychological self interfering in it?

Can you teach without wanting to be a famous teacher?

Can you serve without seeking recognition?

Can you earn what is necessary without chasing status or fear of failure?

Yes, you can—

when the mind is free from the centre of the ‘me’.

Then action becomes intelligent, efficient, and free of conflict.

Then work is not a means to build the self,

but an expression of harmony.

You may still go to your job,

still repair, heal, teach, or cultivate.

But you are not using that action to become someone.

And that is the true revolution.

When the mind no longer seeks to become,

it acts with clarity,
it does what is necessary,
and lives without inner division.

Then livelihood is not driven by fear or ambition—
but flows from intelligence, responsibility, and compassion.

*****

Work Without Becoming

You ask—
"If I do not become,
will I do nothing?"

If there is no push to succeed,
no thirst to be someone,
no fear of failure to chase me—
will I not collapse,
grow idle,
fade into uselessness?

But pause—
see the root of your question.

You have equated action
with becoming.
You have made work
the servant of ambition.

But is it?

Does the flower bloom
to become something greater?

Does the sun rise
for applause?

The bird sings—
not to be praised,
not to reach the top of some imagined ladder—
but because it must.

It is in its nature.

So too,
there is a way of living

that is not driven by becoming.

To feed your body,
to care for another,
to plant, to mend, to teach—
these are acts of life,
not of self-advancement.

But we have made livelihood
a ladder of comparison,
a means to an end,
a weapon of status.

We work not just to eat—
but to be someone.

And in that striving,
we lose the joy of action,
and sow the seeds of sorrow.

But when the mind is quiet,
free of becoming,
free of the “I must be,”—

there is still movement.

You still teach,
you still build,
you still tend to the needs of the day.

But without the burden
of the image.

And in that freedom,
work is no longer toil—
it is flow.
It is love in action.
It is precision without pressure,
clarity without comparison.

So let your hands move,
but let the self be still.

Let action blossom,
but let ambition fall away.

Then livelihood is not a race—

but a rhythm.

Not a chase for reward—

but the harmony of living rightly.

And in that,

there is beauty.

And in that,

there is freedom.

*****

True Success Is Not Measured in Ambition

There is a deep necessity—

not imposed by society, but by intelligence—

to help the young see clearly what it means to live a meaningful life.

In a world where success is equated with accumulation—

of wealth, position, marks, praise, and power—

the child is conditioned from the beginning

to pursue comparison,

to imitate ideals,

to become something.

This pursuit is called ambition,

and it is admired, rewarded, and repeated endlessly.

But is that true success?

Or is it merely the strengthening of the self—

the “me” that must always be more,

the “me” that separates itself from the whole?

To educate rightly is not merely to prepare for a career,

but to help the young understand the movement of the self

and to see that true success lies elsewhere.

Not in outshining another,

but in living with sensitivity,

intelligence,

and passion—

without the poison of comparison.

Success is not how much you possess,

but how deeply you are connected to life without self-interest.

It is measured not by title, rank, or income,

but by the quality of your relationship—

with people, with nature, with your own thoughts and actions.

Are you working with joy?

Are you caring without seeking reward?

Are you related to the whole, not just to your little self?

That is success.

Krishnamurti once said:

“The highest function of education is to help the student understand the total process of his own consciousness.”

When the young are taught this—

not as a moral lecture,

but as an act of direct perception—

they begin to live without conflict,

without masks,

without the constant itch to be someone.

Then their work becomes a flowering,
not a struggle.
Then compassion becomes natural,
not practiced.

To live with passion
without the self—
that is the beginning of intelligence,
and the ending of sorrow.

*****

Success Without the Self

They teach you to rise—
higher than others,
faster, louder,
climbing ladders made of names and numbers.

They whisper,
“Be someone great.”
“Win the race.”
“Earn more than the rest.”

And we call this success—
a crown placed upon the self,
polished with ambition,
fuelled by fear.

But is that success—
or just the old game
dressed in new robes?

You were born whole,
not to compete,
but to see, to feel, to live deeply.

Not to conquer others,
but to understand life.

True success is not measured in applause,
but in the silence of compassion.
It is not in how far you rise,
but in how fully you care.

Are you related—

not by blood or contract,
but by awareness—
to the people you live among,
to the earth beneath your feet,
to the work you do each day?

Do you act without a mask,
without seeking reward?

Do you give your energy with passion—
not to become someone,
but because it is right?

Success is in that selfless flame—
that love without possession,
that action without becoming.

Teach the young this,
not in slogans or sermons,
but by the clarity of your own living.

Let them see that freedom

is the greatest flowering,

and the self—the root of conflict.

When you are not trying to be someone—

you are open to all life.

And that, perhaps,

is the beginning of sacred success.

*****

We live by the idea of action, not in direct action itself. Our doing is shaped by what should be, not by what is. We act according to an image, an ideal, a belief, or a pattern—something that thought has put together based on memory, experience, or desire. And so, action becomes a mere approximation—a shadow play conforming to a blueprint.

This gap between the actual and the ideal is the beginning of conflict.

We say to ourselves, "I must be kind," "I should not be angry," "I ought to love,"—as though love were a matter of imitation. But in such action, there is division, and where there is division, there is struggle, contradiction, and ultimately despair.

And when that despair becomes too heavy, too painful, we escape—into belief, distraction, religious consolation, entertainment, or even noble causes. We run away from the fact that our life is built on becoming—never on being.

So, the question arises:

Is there an action that is not born of an idea?

Not from what I ought to be, but from seeing what is—completely, without distortion, without the movement of thought trying to change it?

Such action is not reaction. It is not shaped by motive or result. It is born of choiceless awareness—a seeing without the interference of the past.

When the mind sees the truth of something—instantly and wholly—that very seeing is action. That action is whole, without conflict, without the sorrow of approximation.

Until this is understood—not intellectually, but inwardly, directly—there will be despair. And from that despair, the urge to escape. But if we can stay with the fact, observe it without resistance or analysis, a new movement begins—a movement untouched by thought. That is true action.

"To act without the idea is to be free of time. Then action is not dictated by memory, nor driven by the hope of becoming—but is born of clarity, of love, of intelligence." — In the spirit of Krishnamurti.

*****

Life is not a mechanical process to be controlled, dissected, or patterned—it is a living, moving, ever-unfolding whole. It is like a living tissue, sensitive, dynamic, and infinitely subtle. Within it flows an intelligence that is not of thought, not the product of analysis or accumulated knowledge. This intelligence is not something we create—it is inherent in life itself.

When the mind is quiet, when it ceases to interfere, to manipulate, to name and divide—there is choiceless awareness. This awareness is not cultivated; it is not a result

of discipline or effort. It is the natural state of a mind that sees without distortion, that observes without the burden of the past.

But we have lost touch with this natural intelligence because psychological thought—the thought that identifies, compares, judges, and clings—has taken over. This thought, which arises from the centre of the 'me', has fragmented life. It has broken it into compartments—into the thinker and the thought, the observer and the observed, the experiencer and the experience.

Thought seeks control, certainty, and security. In doing so, it destroys the very beauty of life, which lies in its uncertainty, its vulnerability, its wholeness. The moment we try to grasp life through the net of thought, we kill its living essence. We reduce it to memory, to idea, to image.

To see this clearly—without resistance, without trying to change it—is the beginning of freedom. In that seeing, there is a silent intelligence. That intelligence is not yours or mine. It is not personal. It is the intelligence of life itself, unconditioned, sacred, whole.

"Only when the mind is utterly still, not caught in the noise of becoming, can the beauty of life reveal itself. In that stillness, choiceless awareness is—not as an effort, but as the fragrance of silence." — In the spirit of Krishnamurti.

*****

To truly live—not merely exist, not merely survive in habit and routine—one must go beyond the dark shadows of sorrow and fear. These are not incidental to life; they have become central to our way of being. They shape our thoughts, our relationships, our actions, and even our idea of love.

We carry sorrow like a cloak: the sorrow of personal loss, unfulfilled desires, loneliness, disappointment, and the deeper sorrow of humanity—centuries of violence, hatred, and division. We also carry fear: of what may happen, of death, of not being loved, of being nothing.

As long as fear and sorrow remain, our actions are rooted in conflict and escape. We conform, imitate, or rebel—but we are still caught in the net. So, to live properly, freely, fully—one must understand and end these movements of the mind.

But to end sorrow and fear, they must be observed directly, not analysed or suppressed. Analysis only strengthens the thinker and postpones understanding. Suppression breeds more conflict.

Can you look at sorrow—not your story about it, not your explanation, but the feeling itself—without naming it, without running away, without trying to change it? In that total observation, there is no division between observer and the thing observed. The division is the beginning of conflict.

Where there is choiceless awareness—silent, intense, and immediate—sorrow ends, not as a conclusion, but as a fact. And with the ending of sorrow, compassion is born. Not the compassion of thought, of duty, of morality—but something vast, sacred, and deeply intelligent.

Similarly, when fear is seen without the movement of time—not as something to be overcome gradually, but as something to be understood now—it dissolves. The root of fear is in psychological time, in the becoming, in the desire to be or not to be something.

So, to live properly is not to accumulate more knowledge, more beliefs, more experiences—it is to be free of the burden of sorrow and the limitation of fear. Only then is there clarity.

Only then can there be love, and in that, life unfolds in its total beauty.

“To live is to be free of the known, to move without the burden of yesterday, to look without fear into the eyes of another. When sorrow ends, love begins. When fear ends, life begins.” — In the spirit of Krishnamurti.

*****

What is the Purpose of Life, Birth, Living, and Death?

Why are we born?

Why do we live — struggling, desiring, fearing?

And why must we die?

These are the ancient questions of humanity — asked by kings and monks, children and sages.

But in asking them, we must be careful:

Are we asking out of fear and hope, or are we asking with innocence — with a mind free to observe without seeking comfort?

The moment we ask, "What is the purpose?" — we are already caught in a framework of function, utility, and becoming.

We want life to mean something — to justify our pain, to reward our effort, to secure our hopes.

But Krishnamurti would ask:

Can we observe life — birth, living, and death — without trying to give it a purpose?

Because purpose is a movement of thought — of time.

It says, “Life must lead to something,” which means life as it is, is not enough.

The Danger of Seeking Purpose

When we ask, “What is the purpose of life?”, we often mean:

- What should I do to feel fulfilled?
- How can I make life worthwhile?

This implies we are escaping from the direct fact of living — with its beauty, its conflict, its mystery.

So, Krishnamurti suggests:

The question is not “What is the purpose of life?”

The question is: Can we live without purpose — with complete attention to what is — now?

Birth

We are born — not because of some cosmic intention, but through the natural movement of life.

Birth is not a personal event — it is part of the whole movement of existence.

But the moment we are born, society begins to condition us — to give us identity, belief, ambition.

From childhood, we are taught to become someone — and in that process, the pure wonder of living is lost.

Living

Living becomes a struggle — a constant movement of becoming:

- Becoming successful,
- Becoming enlightened,
- Becoming secure.

And this becoming is the root of conflict, because it is based on comparison, measurement, and fear.

Krishnamurti says:

“We do not live; we are always preparing to live.”

True living begins only when the self — the “me” — is understood and ends.

Then life is not a problem to solve, but a field of immense beauty, relationship, and discovery.

Death

We fear death because we are attached — to our body, our memories, our identity.

We have never learned to die to the past each moment.

So, we resist death — and that resistance is sorrow.

But can we observe death not as the end, but as the mirror of life itself?

To die each day — to our attachments, to our conclusions, to our self-image — is to be free.

And in that freedom, there is life without burden — fresh, new, innocent.

So — What Is the Purpose?

If you truly observe, with a mind that is quiet, still, and free from conditioning —

you may find that life has no purpose in the sense that thought desires.

Life is.

It is vast, sacred, unknowable — a movement beyond time.

And when the mind is free from the self — from fear, desire, ambition —

then there is awareness without centre,

and in that awareness, life reveals its own intelligence.

Not as a purpose to achieve,

but as a beauty to be lived — moment to moment.

In Krishnamurti's Words (Paraphrased):

"The question 'What is the purpose of life?' is fundamentally wrong.

The moment you ask that, you want a direction, a goal — and then you are not free to see what life actually is.

Life has no blueprint. It is to be understood, not used."

*****

Where the Question Ends, Life Begins

Questioner: Sir, may I ask a fundamental question?
What is the purpose of life? Why are we born, why do we live, and why do we die?

Answer: A fundamental question indeed, sir. But before we attempt to answer, let us go slowly.
When you ask, "What is the purpose of life?", what are you seeking? A reason? A goal? A justification?

Questioner: Yes, I suppose so. We live in so much confusion, conflict, suffering… I want to understand if all this has meaning — if life has direction beyond mere survival.

Answer: Is it meaning you seek — or escape from suffering?

Questioner: Perhaps both. But is it wrong to ask whether life has a purpose?

Answer: It is not wrong to ask. But let us inquire what lies behind the question.

Who is asking? Is it not the self — the "me" that wants security, permanence, and significance?

When you seek a purpose, are you not trying to go beyond what is — to give value to life through an idea, a future, a belief?

Questioner: But without purpose, isn't life empty?

Answer: That's what thought says — that without purpose, life is meaningless.
So thought creates meaning — becoming something, achieving something, believing in something.

But that very movement of thought is the cause of disorder.
Because it is based on time, on comparison, on desire.

Have you ever watched a tree — without asking what purpose it serves?

Questioner: No, I usually evaluate — its beauty, its usefulness.

Answer: Exactly. But the tree exists. It grows, it blossoms, it dies.
It does not ask, "Why am I here?"

The moment you stop asking for purpose, the mind becomes still — not dull, but deeply attentive.

Then perhaps you can see: life is, and that is enough.

Questioner: Then what about birth and death? Is there no deeper meaning to them either?

Answer: Birth is part of nature's movement — like the seed breaking open, the river flowing to the sea.

But from the moment of birth, the mind is conditioned — by society, by family, by fear.
We begin to become something — and in that becoming, we suffer.

Death too is natural — but we fear it, because we cling to continuity.

Questioner: Is there any way to live without this becoming?

Answer: That is the real question, sir — not what is the purpose of life, but whether we can live without the self.
To live without the burden of the "me" — that is the flowering of intelligence.
And in that state, you no longer ask about purpose — because you are living fully, now, without division.

Questioner: So, the question ends when there is clear seeing?

Answer: Yes. And when the question ends — not in conclusion, but in deep understanding —
life begins. Not the life of habit, of conformity, of thought.
But a life that is sacred, immeasurable — beyond purpose.

*****

Does Life Need a Purpose?

The human mind is forever asking:
What is the purpose of life?
Why are we here?
What should I do with my days, my years, my being?

This question arises from the structure of human consciousness—

A consciousness shaped by time, by memory, by fear, by desire.
It is the self, the "me," that asks for a purpose—
A reason to go on,
A destination to reach,
A meaning to justify the struggle.

But does life itself ask such a question?

Do the birds ask why they sing at dawn?
Does the tree question its flowering?
Does the ocean wonder why it rises and falls with the moon?

Life simply is—
Vast, silent, moving, sacred—
Not concerned with its own significance.

It is only when thought enters,
When the self begins to build its centre of becoming,
That this question arises:
"What is the purpose of my life?"

But any purpose the mind creates is still a projection of itself—
A movement within the field of the known.
It is born of comparison, of fear, of hope—
And therefore, it is limited, fragmented.

We are not content to live without purpose because we are afraid to be nothing.
We want to become something—spiritually or materially.
So, we create ideals, goals, beliefs, and future rewards.

Yet in this very movement lies conflict—
The division between what is and what should be.
And in that division, sorrow takes root.

But look at life without the lens of thought.

See the beauty of a cloud passing by,
The stillness of a stone,
The dance of light on water.
There is no seeking, no becoming—only being.

To live without asking the purpose of life
Is not indifference or nihilism.
It is to live with complete attention,
Without the weight of psychological becoming.

Then you are not separate from life—
You are that movement,
Without a centre,
Without attachment,
Without fear.

In that state, the question dissolves.
Not because it has been answered,
But because it is no longer necessary.

Where there is choiceless awareness,
There is wholeness.
And where there is wholeness,
Life flowers without a reason.

That flowering is the sacred.

*****

The Silence Beyond Purpose

The human mind asks,

“What is the purpose of life?”

It carves meaning from fear,

Builds futures from longing,
Seeks direction in the dust of dreams.

But does life ask why it exists?

Does the bird pause mid-flight
To ponder its path?
Does the tree demand a reason
To grow toward the sun?

Life simply is—
Unmeasured, untamed,
Moving in stillness,
Resting in motion.

It is only the mind,
Shaped by memory and desire,
That asks for meaning—
Because it fears to be nothing.

The self must become—
Spiritual, successful, remembered—
So, it seeks purpose
As a shield against emptiness.

But in that seeking,
It divides itself—
Into what is
And what should be.

And in that division,
There is conflict.
In that conflict,
There is sorrow.

But look—
When you see a cloud drifting across the sky,
When you hear the wind in the trees,
When you feel the stillness of early dawn—
There is no purpose,
And yet there is beauty.

To live without purpose
Is not despair.
It is to live fully—
Without the burden of becoming.

To breathe without becoming,

To act without motive,

To love without asking.

In that freedom,

There is peace.

Not the peace of escape,

But the peace of total being.

And in that peace,

The question ends.

Not with an answer,

But with the silence

Of a mind that no longer seeks.

For that which is sacred

Does not ask, “Why am I?”

It simply is.

*****

Life has flowered from the very elements of the cosmos—

from earth and water, from air and fire,

from the immeasurable order of the universe.

The awareness of life is not separate from the awareness of the cosmos;

they are one movement, indivisible.

To live in harmony with this vast order
is to live with a cosmic awareness—
an awareness untainted by thought,
unclouded by memory,
free of the self and its projections.

Only then can life move without distortion,
only then can it sustain itself in wholeness.

For life itself is causeless,
the cosmos is causeless,
and the sacred "otherness" beyond name and measure
is also causeless.

Causation belongs to thought,
but truth has no cause.
It simply is—
timeless, whole,
beyond the grasp of becoming.

*****

What would the cosmic movement be if thought did not exist to ask “why”?

This question arises because thought has placed itself at the centre of existence.

It imagines itself as the interpreter, the controller, the knower of life.

It asks “why” not out of wonder, but from fear and fragmentation—

Fear of the unknown,

Fear of being nothing,

Fear of not having a purpose.

But what is this movement of the cosmos—this vast, incalculable dance of galaxies, stars, and life itself—when it is not filtered through the mind that seeks meaning?

If thought were not to exist to ask “why”,

Would the universe be any different?

Would the stars stop burning?

Would trees forget to grow?

Would birds no longer fly?

The cosmic movement is—

With or without our questions.

It flows without a centre,

Without a cause to explain itself,

Without a purpose to justify its unfolding.

Thought, which is the outcome of time and memory,

Divides, interprets, compares.

It asks “Why am I here?”

But this very question creates the “I” separate from life.

Without thought,

There is no “I” to ask,

No division between observer and observed.

Then, life is—

Not in abstraction, not in symbols,

But in direct perception, in undivided being.

The flower blooms in silence.

The river flows without seeking a reason.

The cosmos spins with extraordinary order,

Without asking “Why must I?”

So, what would the cosmic movement be without thought?

Exactly as it is—
Whole, sacred, unknowable.

Only thought wants to reduce it to cause and effect,
To meaning and purpose,
To mine and not mine.

But when the mind is utterly quiet—
When there is no movement of the self—
You are not separate from that vastness.
You are that movement.

Then, the question “why” has no meaning.
And in that freedom from questioning,
There is a direct, intimate communion with the sacred.

Not as something to understand,
But as something to be.

*****

The Cosmos Without the Question Why

What would the cosmos be
If thought did not rise
To ask,
“Why?”

Would the stars forget to burn,
Would time collapse into silence,
Would the breath of the earth cease
Its ancient rhythm?

Without thought—
No question forms,
No seeker stands apart,
No centre cries for meaning.

The universe moves
Not because it understands itself,
But because it is—
Whole, immense,
Without direction,
Without end.

Thought, born of time,

Tries to measure the immeasurable.

It says,

“Why am I here?”

“What is the reason for all this?”

But does the tree ask why it blossoms?

Does the bird seek meaning in its flight?

Do clouds ponder their drifting form?

Only thought asks—

And in asking,

Divides.

Without that division,

There is no question.

There is only seeing.

And in that seeing,

No thinker remains.

The cosmos, without the burden of “why”,

Is silent and sacred.

It is not yours or mine.
It does not belong to a god or a theory.

It moves in order,
In vast, undirected intelligence—
Free of cause,
Free of commentary.

And when the mind is utterly quiet,
When the self does not stir
To label, to seek, to hold—
You are not outside that movement.

You are that movement.

In that stillness,
There is no “why.”
There is only the now—
Infinite, unknowable, whole.

*****

The cosmos has given
air to breathe,

water to flow,
soil to root,
and rains to nourish life.

There is an order in the universe—
the turning of stars,
the rhythm of seasons,
the blossoming of trees,
the silence between waves.

This order is not of thought,
not of man's making,
not bound to memory or desire.

When the mind is quiet,
free of its own noise,
that order is here too—
vast, timeless,
whole.

*****

Choiceless awareness is cosmic Awareness

This cosmic awareness is not personal; it does not name, accumulate, or strive.

The stars do not struggle to shine. The sun does not compare itself to another star.

The flower blooms without knowing it blooms; the sea rolls without becoming anything more, the biological cell has its own Order. There is no “me” in the cosmos — only the total movement in harmony.

But that cosmic awareness got corrupted where man is — it has become self-centred, fragmented, and tethered to thought — distorted by memory, by fear, by conditioning.

We do not see what is — we see what should be, or what was, or what we hope to gain.

Our awareness is no longer clear; it is shaped by the centre — the “I” that watches, judges, compares, and resists.

So, man’s awareness, though capable of great depth, is often corrupted by the very instrument we trust: thought.

Thought creates an image of the world, of others, and of ourselves.

Then we observe through that image — and that is not awareness; that is recognition.

Recognition is the past asserting itself into the present. It is not fresh. It is not free.

The cosmos, if one may say so, is aware without the distortion of the observer.

Its order is intelligence — not the intelligence of calculation, but the intelligence of wholeness.

When man is truly aware — without choice, without motive, without the movement of the self —that awareness is no longer separate from the cosmic.

In that deep silence, there is no boundary between the watcher and the watched, between nature and the human.

And perhaps then, in that sacred stillness, man is no longer apart from the universe.

He is not observing the cosmos — he is the cosmos, aware of itself, not through thought, but through pure being.

*****

There is an order in the universe:

- The galaxies move in silence without striving.
- The rivers flow without ambition.
- The tree grows without anxiety.
- Life renews itself in patterns of astonishing harmony.

This order is not created by thought.

It is not imposed from outside.

It is not measured or fragmented.

It simply is — vast, intelligent, whole.

This cosmic order is the expression of choiceless awareness itself — not “my awareness,” not “your awareness, “but awareness without a centre, without ownership, without division.

This choiceless awareness is not personal. It does not arise from the thinker. It is like the sky — vast, ungraspable, but always present.

When the self is absent, when thought is quiet —there is a perception that is whole, instant, and without conflict.

Choiceless Awareness is order. Order is choiceless Awareness. Not two things, but one movement — indivisible, sacred.

Where thought ends, order begins.

And that order is not mechanical —

it is alive, silent, luminous.

In the movement of the stars,

in the flight of birds,

in the stillness between two thoughts —

there is choiceless awareness that is not yours or mine.

It is not in the books, nor in the teachings.

It is the very nature of life seen without a centre.

In that seeing, there is no effort.

No choice. No becoming.

There is only order —

and in that order, sacredness.

*****

This choiceless awareness—a still, yet deeply attentive observation without motive or interference—

is not a method, not a discipline, not another attempt to resolve the problem through thought.

It is an effortless seeing of the very movement that creates and sustains the problem—

the mechanism of thought that divides, compares, resists, and accumulates.

To be choicelessly aware of this movement is to stand outside it—

not as an observer separate from it, but as that movement seen in its entirety.

Only in such undivided attention is there a freedom from the known—

from the background of thought with its accumulated residues of experience, memory, and conditioning.

And in that freedom, there comes a wholly different quality:

a clarity untouched by sorrow,

a stillness not born of control or suppression,

a peace that is not the opposite of conflict.

To go beyond problems is not to conquer them, not to analyses or escape from them,

but to see clearly that the maker of problems is the self—

the “me,” the centre of psychological accumulation and separation.

And in seeing this fact wholly, without resistance, without time,

that centre—the root of conflict—dissolves.

Then life is no longer a burden to be carried,

no longer a battlefield of opposing desires.

It becomes an undivided, spontaneous movement—

a sacred flow, untainted by the self,

in which beauty, love, and intelligence move as one.

*****

When I look at a tree, I can simply look—see the play of sunlight on its leaves, the curve of its branches, the delicate veins in each leaf, the strength of its trunk, the movement of its shadow. In that seeing, there is no desire to become the tree, no attempt to identify with it. I let the tree be.

But when I look at another human being, I rarely look in that same way. I begin to compare, to measure, to project. I try to be like them, or I shape an image of them according to my pleasure or my fear. This movement of identification—of saying, "I am like you," or "I will become what you are"—does not bring understanding. It only brings imitation or resistance.

By identifying myself with another, I neither truly understand them nor myself. In identification there is a subtle form of escape—from my own emptiness, loneliness, or dissatisfaction. I use the other as a mirror in which I see not reality, but my own projections.

To understand another, I must first understand myself—not according to a book, a teacher, or an ideal, but as I am in the living moment. This understanding comes only through direct observation of my own reactions, fears, desires, and motives—without judgment or condemnation.

When there is clarity about myself, I can meet another as they are, without the screen of my images. Then there is no need to become them, to possess them, or to compare myself with them. Only in that freedom of seeing can relationship be real—untouched by fear or the urge to conform.

"The beauty of a tree is in letting it be. The beauty of a human relationship is in letting the other be—without image, without identification. Only when the mind understands itself can it look at another with clarity, and in that clarity there is love." — In the spirit of Krishnamurti.

*****

One must be deeply attentive
to see that thought does not enter
into observation.

The moment thought intrudes,
perception is no longer pure—
it is coloured by memory,
by comparison,
by the shadow of the past.

True observation is without the observer,
without the screen of what has been learned or concluded.
It is a direct seeing,
without the movement of becoming.

But once thought takes hold,
once the mind begins to name,
to measure,
to judge—
the sacred quality of perception is lost.
It becomes mechanical,
conditioned,
bound to time.

What was whole becomes fragmented,
what was living becomes dead.

To observe without the movement of thought
is to see with clarity and innocence.
In that seeing there is a holiness
that thought can never touch.

*****

To observe the movement of thought without thought
is to watch it as it arises—
without naming,
without judging,
without interfering.

Usually, the one who observes
is still part of thought—
the “observer” is the past,
the accumulated memories and experiences
from which thought springs.
So, the observer is not separate
from the thing observed.

When this is seen clearly,
the division between observer and thought ends.
There is only thought,
moving in its own field—
and a pure awareness
that is not of thought at all.

This awareness does not control,
does not choose,

does not condemn.
It is like a still pool
in which every ripple of thought
is reflected without distortion.

In such observation,
thought reveals its nature:
its roots in memory,
its movement in time,
its limits and its futility
in the realm of the psychological.

When thought is seen in this way—
completely,
without the interference of another thought—
it falls silent.
And in that silence,
there is a different kind of intelligence—
untouched by the past.

*****

Observe thought
without thought.

No naming,
no judging,
no interference.

The observer is thought—
see this,
and the division ends.

Then there is only
the movement of thought,
seen by an awareness
that is still,
untouched.

In that stillness,
thought shows its whole story—
its birth in memory,
its movement in time,
its narrow limits.

Seen completely,
it falls silent.

In that silence
is an intelligence
beyond thought.

*****

Pure awareness
is not of thought.

Thought is the past,
but awareness is now—
seeing without measure,
without choice.

In that seeing
is a stillness untouched,
Whole,
Sacred.

*****

The Shadow of Thought

You look at the sunset—
and there is beauty.

But already thought whispers:
“I have seen this before… it is lovely.”

You look at the slum,
the broken body,
and thought murmurs:
“This is ugly,
this is painful.”

Feeling is never free of thought—
it carries the scent of memory,
the colour of yesterday.
What you call good or bad
is the shadow of the past
falling on this moment.

Looking, thinking, feeling—
not three streams,
but one river
shaped by the banks of conditioning.

To see without thought
is to touch the fact itself—

without naming, without judging,

without the weight of yesterday.

In that seeing,

there is no beauty, no ugliness—

only what is.

And in the stillness of that contact,

the mind is free.

*****

Seeing is ending, and seeing is action. To perceive directly, without distortion, is to bring about an immediate change. When you see a danger, there is instant action—no hesitation, no debate. In the same way, when the mind sees the truth of anger, greed, or fear, without justification, without escape, that very seeing is the ending of it.

Understanding is not separate from action. If you truly understand that a poison is harmful, you do not touch it—you do not first reason, then act. The very perception is action. But when thought interferes, when analysis, comparison, or postponement comes in, then understanding becomes an idea, and action is delayed.

This is why Krishnamurti insisted that insight is immediate. It is not born of time, not the result of effort or gradual cultivation. Time cannot end fear; only the direct seeing of fear as it arises ends it. To see wholly is to end. To see clearly is to act. In that choiceless awareness, understanding and action are one movement, not two separate processes.

*****

Seeing is ending.
To see a danger
is to act instantly—
no choice,
no hesitation.

In the same way,
to see fear, anger, greed
without escape,
without naming,
is the ending of it.

Understanding is not separate from action.
If you truly see,
there is no “later,”
no “what must I do?”
The seeing itself is the doing.

But when thought interferes—
analysing, postponing,
comparing with what should be—
understanding becomes an idea,
and action is lost.

Insight is immediate,
not of time,
not of effort.
In the flame of direct perception
fear ends,
conflict ends.

To see wholly is to end.
To see clearly is to act.
In that choiceless awareness
understanding and action
are one.

*****

To watch thought
without choice,
without resistance,
without pursuit—

to see imagination
in all its forms,
the memory of the past,
the projection of the future,
the images of fear and pleasure—

is to let thought flower,
and wither naturally.

In that simple seeing
there is no controller,
no division between the observer
and the observed.

Awareness itself
is the ending of thought,
and in that ending
there is silence—
not of suppression,
but of freedom.

*****

Man pursues sensation endlessly.
For a taste, a touch, a fleeting thrill,
he will struggle, sacrifice, even die.

Yet sensation is transient;
it arises, flowers, and fades.
Thought takes hold of it,
records it,
and from that memory builds desire.

It is this pursuit of remembered sensation
that becomes illusion.

So, the question is not how to come out of it,
for any method is still born of thought.
Rather, can one observe sensation
as it arises—
without naming,
without clinging,
without letting memory carry it forward?

To see sensation simply,
as it is in the moment,
is to end its grip.
Then sensation has its natural place—
to touch, to taste, to see—
but it does not enslave the mind.

Freedom comes not through suppression,
nor through indulgence,
but through clear, choiceless awareness.
In that awareness,
sensation is no longer an illusion,
but a fact that passes.

And in its passing,

the mind is free.

*****

The Observer Is the Observed

We think there is a division between the one who looks and what is looked at—

between the thinker and thought, the feeler and the feeling, the experiencer and the experience.

But is that division real, or is it created by thought?

When anger arises, we say: “I am angry.”

It seems as though there is an “I” separate from anger, watching it, judging it, trying to control it.

But in truth, that “I” is anger.

Without anger, the “I” in that moment does not exist.

The observer is not apart from what he observes.

Fear and the one who says “I am afraid” are not two.

Jealousy and the one who tries to overcome jealousy are not two.

They are one movement, given different names by thought.

When this is clearly seen—not as an idea, but directly—

the struggle between the observer and the observed ends.

There is no longer a controller battling what he controls.

There is only the fact—pure, undivided, whole.

In that wholeness, there is freedom.

For what is seen completely, without separation, ends naturally, without effort.

The ending of anger is not achieved by the observer fighting it,

but by seeing that the observer himself is anger.

In that insight, the division collapses,

and in that collapse, there is a different kind of energy—

the energy of choiceless awareness,

the flame of intelligence that is beauty, compassion, and love.

*****

The thinker is the thought,

the watcher is the fear.

When division ends,

truth shines clear.

*****

Life without choiceless awareness

is a life of conflict,

for where choice divides,

violence begins.

*****

Life Without Choiceless Awareness

When there is no choiceless awareness, life inevitably becomes violent.

Choice divides the mind—it says, “This is right, that is wrong; this must be pursued, that must be avoided.”

In this division begins conflict.

Where there is conflict, there must be aggression, resistance, and fear.

Awareness without choice is not indifference;

it is a flame of attention in which every movement of thought is seen as it arises.

There is no condemnation, no justification, no escape.

Thought is simply observed—its patterns, its motives, its cunning ways of seeking pleasure and avoiding pain.

In that observation, thought has no place to hide,

and what is fully seen comes to an end without struggle.

Violence is born when the self—separate, ambitious, fearful—seeks to protect or assert itself.

But in choiceless awareness the self is absent.

There is only the fact, the movement of life as it is.

In that still, open attention, there is no centre to resist, no image to defend.

Thus, awareness is non-violence—not as an ideal, not as a cultivated virtue,

but as the natural flowering of a mind that sees without division.

Such a life is not fragmented, not torn by desire and fear.

It moves in harmony with the whole of existence.

*****

Meditation as Choiceless Awareness

Meditation is not repetition of words, not a system, not discipline or control.

It is the flame of attention that burns without motive.

To be choicelessly aware is to observe every movement of thought as it arises—

the subtle whisper of memory, the sudden surge of anger,

the hidden shadow of fear, the restless pursuit of pleasure—

without condemning, without justifying, without clinging.

The moment you choose—

this thought is noble, that thought is base;

this feeling is worthy, that feeling is unworthy—

the mind has already entered the field of conflict.

Choice is the movement of desire,

and where desire dictates, awareness is clouded.

In choiceless awareness there is no centre, no observer apart from thought.

There is only the unfolding of thought itself,

seen in its birth, its movement, and its ending.

Such seeing is silence.

Not silence contrived by will,

but the silence that comes when the mind is free of control,

free of effort, free of division.

In that silence, meditation happens naturally.

It is not something you do;

it comes when you no longer seek.

And in that stillness, untouched by the self,

there is a vastness, a sacredness,

where truth is.

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- *To see wholly is to end; to see clearly is to act.*
- *Understanding is not apart from action—the seeing itself is the doing.*
- *Insight is immediate; in its light, fear ends.*

*****

The Rise of Religion and the Strengthening of the Self

Organized religions and gurus are growing stronger — not because they reveal truth,
but because the self is becoming more dominant, more fearful, more ambitious in society.
And these institutions, knowingly or not, sustain and sanctify that very illusion.

They offer security, belonging, identity.
They provide the comfort of belief, the authority of tradition, the structure of ritual.
But beneath these trappings lies a quiet, subtle encouragement:
"You are important. Your salvation, your progress, your enlightenment — matters above all."

And so, the self — the "me," the ego, the centre of accumulation — is reinforced.

Krishnamurti often pointed out:

"Organized belief is merely the continuation of the self in another form."

Whether it is through worship, meditation techniques, pilgrimages, or psychological systems of self-improvement —
as long as the self remains at the centre,
there is no transformation, no freedom, no truth.

Religion as a Mirror of Society's Disorder

As society becomes more fragmented, more competitive, more driven by fear and desire,
people turn — not inward in awareness — but outward to systems of authority.
They seek escape through devotion, through promises of heaven, through identification with something greater.

But the escape from fear is not freedom.
The search for comfort is not love.
And the pursuit of salvation is still the pursuit of the self.

Organized religions and modern gurus offer what the self craves —
hope, structure, continuity, and reward.
And in return, the self offers loyalty, obedience, and perpetuation.

It is a mutual arrangement —
but it is not sacred.

The Real Revolution Is Not in the Temple

The crisis is not out there — not in the world, not in the temples or the ashrams.
The crisis is within — in the mind that worships authority,
that fears freedom,
that clings to identity.

The real revolution is not the rejection of religion,
but the ending of the psychological self —

not through suppression, not through discipline, but through direct observation.

Only then is there clarity.
Only then can the sacred be glimpsed —
not in chants, not in statues, not in the words of another,
but in the still mind that sees what is without distortion.

The End of Illusion Is the Beginning of Truth

When the self is not,
there is no need for intermediaries.
No need for saviours, systems, or sacred texts.

There is only the quiet, direct perception of life —
whole, undivided, and free.

Organized religion fades when the illusion of the self fades.
And what remains is not atheism or denial —
but something far more mysterious and alive:

A sacredness that is not created by man.
A truth that needs no follower.
A love that is not born of thought.

*****

Religions and the Self

Religions, as they are organized today, are not the ending of the self—they are its refinement and preservation. They give

shape and nobility to our desires; they give sacred names to our ambitions. In their rituals, images, and promises, they clothe our vanities in the language of virtue.

They tell us what to believe, what to hope for, and even what to fear. They promise reward for obedience, comfort in suffering, and continuity after death. In this way, they strengthen the very structure of the self—the "me" that longs for security, recognition, and permanence.

Our despair is not understood; it is decorated. Our longing is not ended; it is directed toward some distant ideal. Our inward poverty is not seen for what it is; it is concealed under borrowed words and beliefs. And so, the restless movement of the self continues, only now sanctified by tradition, authority, and scripture.

Religion, in its true sense, is not the cultivation of hope or the management of fear. It is not the organized pursuit of virtue. It is the seeing of "what is" without distortion, the direct perception that ends the self and its endless occupations. Only then is there that sacredness which no temple, no book, no teacher can confer.

*****

They clothe our desires

in the garments of the sacred,

naming ambition as virtue,

and vanity as devotion.

They comfort our despair
with promises shaped by time,
and guide our longing
toward a horizon that never arrives.

Our emptiness is hidden
under the weight of belief,
our fear preserved
in the language of hope.

But the holy is not born
of ritual or authority.
It comes when the self is silent,
when the mind stands free
of all pursuit,
and sees without the dust
of becoming.

*****

The Business of Belief and the Glorification of the Self

The preachers, the priests, the gurus —
they speak of the self as divine,
as something to be realized, worshipped, glorified.

They teach that you are the centre of the universe,
that your soul, your journey, your salvation matters above all else.

And in doing so, they strengthen the illusion of the self —
the very source of fear, division, and sorrow.

They speak of wars between gods,
mythologies soaked in violence,
as though the sacred could ever take sides.
They dramatize conflict between heavens,
they divide the divine by name and form,
and through it all —
they create a livelihood, a position, an identity.

It becomes a profession,
not a revelation of truth.

And the listener, caught in tradition and longing,
believes —
not because he sees,
but because he is afraid not to.

The Cult of the Self

To say that the self is divine
is to mistake the very root of suffering for something sacred.

The self — the "me" — is a fabrication of thought:
a bundle of memories, experiences, fears, and hopes.

It is not divine —

it is divisive.

It separates you from another,
your god from their god,
your truth from theirs.

And this division breeds conflict —
whether between individuals, sects, or entire civilizations.

Krishnamurti said:

“Where there is division, there must be conflict. And the self is the source of all division.”

Yet religion — as it is commonly practiced —
upholds this division, sustains it, worships it.

It clothes the self in robes,
chants its name,
and defends it with blood.

The Sacred Is Beyond Self

The sacred is not found in scriptures, statues, or stories of divine war.
It is not found in the repetition of mantras or the rituals of belonging.
It is not concerned with your salvation or your success.

The sacred begins where the self ends.

Only when the mind is still —

not seeking, not becoming, not comparing —
does the real come into being.

That which is eternal, whole, unnameable —
cannot be owned, sold, or preached.

And it certainly does not wage war.

A New Understanding

So let us not seek the sacred through another.
Let us not follow the preacher,
nor bow before the imagined gods of fear and reward.

Let us see clearly —
that the self is the invention of thought,
and that any religion which encourages its continuity
is not a path to truth,
but a prison.

And when the self is seen as it is —
not fought, not denied, but understood completely —
there is freedom.

In that freedom,
there is no preacher, no god in opposition,
no division at all.

Only silence.
Only clarity.
Only the sacredness of life, without centre.

*****

Belief Is the End of Discovery

To discover what is true—
not what is convenient, not what is comforting,
but what is real, timeless, and beyond the measure of thought—
one must be entirely free to look.

But can there be freedom to observe,
when the mind is already shaped by belief?

If you belong to a religion,
if you call yourself a Hindu, a Muslim, a Christian, a Sikh, a Jew—
you have already divided yourself from the rest of mankind.

You have accepted an image, a tradition, a label—
and with it, a set of assumptions:
what to worship, what to reject,
what to fear, what to believe.

And that belief becomes the filter through which you look at life.

To belong to a nation,
to identify yourself as Indian, British, Iranian, or American—
is to see the world not as it is,
but as your conditioning allows you to see it.

In that conditioning, there is comfort,
a sense of continuity, of being part of something.

But in that very comfort lies the seed of illusion.

Because the moment you belong to a group,
you have ceased to inquire freely.

You may think you are seeking truth,
but you are only rearranging what you already know.

You are comparing, interpreting, judging—
not observing freshly, not seeing choicelessly.

Krishnamurti said:

“The moment you have a belief, you cease to be free.”

To discover if there is something timeless,
something that is not a projection of the mind—
you must be free of all the fabrications of the mind.

Freedom is not at the end of a path.
It is the very beginning of seeing.

And to see clearly,
the mind must be silent—
not filled with the noise of mantras, prayers, dogmas, or inherited rituals.

It must be alone—
not lonely, but untouched by the crowd.

So long as you say,
“I am this,”
“I believe that,”
“I follow him,”
“I belong to them,”
you have already shut the door to the unknown.

And the sacred—if it exists—
is not something that belongs to one group or another.
It is not reached by belief,
but revealed when belief ends.

To discover the eternal,
you must step out of time.
And to step out of time
is to let go of all that you have been told,
all that you think you are,
and all that you hope to become.

*****

The Veil of Belonging

You ask what is true—
what lies beyond thought,
beyond time,
beyond the movement of becoming.

You ask if there is a sacred
not made by man,
not carved in stone,
not printed in holy books.

But how can you find what is true,

when your mind already belongs—
to a flag,
to a faith,
to a name inherited from centuries past?

You say,
“I am a Hindu,”
“I am a Christian,”
“I follow this path,”
“I walk with those who know.”

And in saying so,
you have already built a wall—
between you and another,
between now and what is.

You carry the burden of belief,
and hope to fly.

You repeat the words of others,
and hope to hear the unknown.

You pray to a god shaped by fear,
and hope to touch the sacred.

But belief is not a bridge—
it is a prison.

Belonging is not love—
it is a refuge from fear.

And identity—national, religious, or spiritual—
is not the door to the eternal,

but the continuation of the self in another form.

To find what is beyond measure,
you must leave behind all that is measured.

You must see without a lens,
walk without a path,
listen without translating.

Only then—
when you are not a Hindu, not a Muslim, not a Buddhist, not a follower—
not even a seeker—
but empty, silent, alone—

only then,
perhaps,
the timeless may whisper.

And in that whisper,
there is no you,
no me,
no god created by thought.

Only stillness.
Only light.
Only what is.

*****

One World Government

The idea of a one world government—a single, unified authority over all nations—has been proposed by idealists, technocrats, and visionaries throughout history. But one must ask: is political unification enough to end conflict, or is there a deeper transformation needed in the very consciousness of human beings?

We live in a world of nations, tribes, flags, and borders—
Not just physical borders, but psychological ones.
We call ourselves Indian, American, Chinese, Muslim, Christian—
Always something in opposition to something else.
And wherever there is division, there must be conflict.

So, the desire for a global government arises from the recognition of this danger.
We say, "Let there be one rule, one law, one system—so we may end war and disorder."

But can external unification ever bring inner harmony?

You may have a single government, a single economic policy, a single currency, a single religion.
But if the human heart remains greedy, ambitious, fearful—
Will not conflict continue, only under a different name?

You may eliminate war between nations,
But rivalry will continue between individuals, between ideologies, between beliefs.
So, merely creating a political union will not solve the problem.
It is like treating the symptoms while ignoring the disease.

What is needed is not merely global governance,

But the ending of psychological fragmentation in each human being.

Can there be a world without division—
Not through legislation,
But through the ending of the me and the not-me in the mind?

That is the real question.

If each one of us lives with a deep sense of inner order—
Without self-centeredness, without the endless movement of becoming—
Then the need for external control diminishes.

A truly intelligent mind does not need to be governed.

And when such intelligence flowers in many human beings,
Then perhaps a global order—without domination, without violence—can arise naturally.
Not imposed by force,
But born of insight, cooperation, and care.

You see, true unity is not uniformity.
It is not everyone following the same flag or ideology.
It is the ending of the psychological walls that separate one human being from another.

When that happens,
There may not even be a need for government in the way we now understand it—
Because each individual would act out of awareness, not compulsion.

But until then,
Let us not put our hope in systems, structures, or future utopias.
Let us understand the root of disorder—
Which is within us.

And if we can bring order there—
Not the order of discipline,
But the order that comes from deep insight—
Then we shall live in a world where borders are not worshipped,
Where nations are not prisons,
And where humanity is one—not as an idea,
But as a living truth.

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Ideologies Divide the World

Have you ever observed what an ideology is? It is essentially a fixed pattern of thought—an image of what should be, projected by the mind in opposition to what is. Communism, capitalism, religious dogma, nationalism—each is a construct of thought born from dissatisfaction with actuality and a desire to impose order, purpose, or meaning upon the chaos of life.

The communist says, "This is the truth"—founded on the theories of Marx, Lenin, and others. They indoctrinate, compel, and manipulate people through education, media, fear, and even violence to conform to that image. But is this so different from what the religious institutions have done for centuries? One ideology may call itself progressive, another holy, but both are rooted in conditioning, and both demand that the individual surrender direct perception to the authority of an idea.

When you accept an ideology—whether it comes from a temple, a political leader, or a textbook—you are no longer observing life directly. You are interpreting it through a lens that has been handed to you. That lens distorts. It colours

your perception, it separates you from others who wear a different lens, and inevitably it leads to conflict.

One says, “I am a Hindu,” another says, “I am a Muslim,” a third says, “I am a Marxist.” But behind these labels is the same human being: frightened, ambitious, lonely, seeking security and meaning. Yet ideologies prevent us from seeing this common ground.

Division is the essence of ideology. And where there is division, there must be conflict.

Is it not clear, then, that to live freely, one must be free of ideology?

Freedom is not in choosing between ideologies. Freedom is in seeing the whole structure of ideology—how it arises, how it conditions thought, how it breeds conformity and violence—and in stepping away from it entirely.

Only then can there be real intelligence.

Intelligence is not born from books, beliefs, or systems. It flowers when the mind sees without distortion, when it is free to observe what is—without the interference of the past.

And in that observation, there is compassion—not for an idea, not for a country or a class, but for the living human being.

That is the only revolution—not of the left, not of the right, but the revolution of the mind that is utterly free from all ideologies.

A World Without Psychological Thought Is Heaven

A world without psychological thought is not a fantasy.

It is not a utopia promised by philosophers or saints.

It is a living possibility —

but only when the movement of the "me" comes to an end.

We must understand what is meant by psychological thought.

It is the thought that arises from the centre of the self —

from fear, from desire, from memory, from projection.

It is thought that says: "I must become,"

"I must succeed,"

"I am not, but I will be."

It is thought that compares, condemns, and clings.

It is the thought that separates —

"My country," "my belief," "my experience," "my sorrow."

This thought creates the world we now live in:

a world of division, conflict, and violence.

Thought as the Root of Conflict

Where psychological thought is active,

there is always division — and in division, conflict.

Whether it is between nations or neighbours, between faiths or families,

this thought breeds opposition, fear, and struggle.

It builds walls —

between man and man,

between what is and what should be.

And wherever there is conflict, there can be no peace.

Krishnamurti said:

“Thought is limited, and whatever it creates is also limited — and therefore brings conflict.”

So long as the self — the “me” — is at the centre of our thinking,

we cannot escape sorrow, jealousy, ambition, or violence.

What Is Heaven?

Heaven is not a place beyond the stars.

It is not a reward after death.

Heaven is a mind that is free from conflict.

A heart untouched by fear.

A life without the burden of becoming.

Heaven is when love is not entangled with possession.

When relationship is not corrupted by image.

When the mind is quiet — not controlled, not distracted — but silent out of deep understanding.

A world without psychological thought is heaven

because it is a world without comparison,

without ambition,

without the endless struggle to be someone.

It is a world where beauty is seen not through desire,

but through direct perception.

It is a world where the sacred is not something believed in,

but something encountered in stillness.

When Thought Ends, Life Begins

This is not something to be achieved,
not a goal to work toward.
It is to be seen — now.

To see that psychological thought is the source of disorder,
and to see it without resistance, without analysis —
is the beginning of a new way of living.

And in that living,
heaven is not a distant dream —
but the very air we breathe,
the stillness between words,
the space where love and intelligence meet.

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When Thought Is Silent

A world without psychological thought
is not a dream of saints or seers—
it is this world,
freed from the noise of becoming.

Not the end of all thought—
but the end of thought that measures,
compares,
divides.

The thought that says,
“I must be better,”
“I must succeed,”
“I must belong.”

That thought—
born of memory,
sustained by fear,
driven by desire—
has made this world a battlefield
dressed in marble and metal.

It has turned love into attachment,
relationship into image,
religion into belief,
and peace into a promise for later.

But when that thought falls silent—

not through discipline,
not through force,
but through pure understanding—
a new world begins.

Not another place,
but this same earth,
seen without the self.

Then the tree is no longer a symbol—
it is tree.
Then the other is no longer “mine” or “not mine”—
there is only communion.

Then love is not touched by fear,
and action is not corrupted by motive.

Heaven is here—
not in time,
but in stillness.

It begins
where the self ends.

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The Poison of Psychological Thought and the Illusion of Sacred Privilege

They say thought is a divine gift —

especially in the human being.

That only human life is blessed.

That only the human form can reach the Divine.

And further, they say:

only some human lives are closer to God —

those born into certain castes,

those who read certain books,

those who chant certain mantras,

those who walk the path laid down by tradition.

They claim that words — sacred syllables — can bless your life.

That repeating verses, reciting prayers, or listening to scriptures

can open the door to heaven.

They say that thought, refined through belief,

can carry you to the ultimate.

But they do not see that this entire movement

— of separation, of privilege, of spiritual ambition —
is born of psychological thought.

And psychological thought, however noble it may appear,
is the very seed of illusion.

Thought as Poison When It Seeks the Sacred

What is thought?

Thought is memory.
Thought is the response of accumulated knowledge,
born of experience, shaped by fear, desire, and conditioning.

It can build bridges, cure disease, organize society —
but when it seeks the sacred,
it carries with it all its limitations.

Psychological thought —
the thought that says "I am unworthy, I must become better, I must reach enlightenment" —
is rooted in comparison, division, and becoming.

It projects God in its own image.
It creates systems, scriptures, and saviours —

and then worships them as if they were eternal.

But the eternal cannot be approached by time-bound thought.

To seek the sacred through words,

through belief, through tradition,

is like trying to capture the wind in a cage.

Krishnamurti said:

“Truth is a pathless land. You cannot come to it by any path, by any religion, by any creed.”

Caste, Karma, and the Illusion of Spiritual Hierarchy

The moment we say that some are nearer to God —

that birth, caste, or past karma determines one’s sacredness —

we have introduced division.

And division is the beginning of conflict —

the very thing that denies the sacred.

Spiritual hierarchy is not humility —
it is refined ego.

It is the same self —
only wearing the robes of tradition,
chanting the words of the ancients,
seeking power through spiritual exclusivity.

But where the self is —
in any form —
the sacred is not.

The Ending of the Self — Not the Climbing of the Ladder

The real blessing is not in thought,
not in sacred books,
not in being born into a particular family or faith.

The real sacredness arises when the mind is silent —
not because it has been trained,
but because it has seen the futility of seeking.

When the psychological movement of thought ceases —
not through suppression,

but through deep understanding —
there is space, vast and untouched.

And in that stillness,
there is no self to become divine —
only the sacredness of being.

Not granted by any god.
Not earned by any deed.
Not promised by any book.

But present —
when there is nothing left to seek.

*****

Did God Make an Error, or Have We Refused to See?

When we ask,
"Why did God allow psychological thought?"
we are placing the burden of our sorrow
on something outside ourselves—
on God, on nature, on fate.

But is that question itself born of clarity?
Or is it another movement of thought
seeking comfort in blame?

Let us begin simply:
What is psychological thought?

It is the thought that arises from the centre of the 'me'—
from memory, fear, comparison, desire, and time.

It is the thought that says,
"I must become,"
"I was this,"
"I will be that."
It creates the illusion of continuity—

the thinker separate from thought,
the observer apart from the observed.

And in that division
lie all our conflicts, anxieties, and suffering.

You ask why creation included this.

But is psychological thought a flaw in creation,
or the byproduct of misuse of an extraordinary faculty?

Thought is not inherently poisonous.
It has its rightful place—
in language, in science, in daily functioning.

But when thought spills into the domain of the inner,
when it tries to capture love, truth, the eternal—
it creates illusion.

That illusion is not the fault of creation.
It is the result of our unconscious identification with thought.
We have made thought the master—
instead of the tool.

We have given psychological thought

the authority to define who we are,

what we must become,

and what the sacred is.

And in that,

we have created suffering.

Krishnamurti said:

“The instrument of thought is necessary, but thought has assumed an importance in the psychological world which it should never have.”

The problem is not that thought exists.

The problem is that we are unaware of its limits.

And so long as we do not see its structure,

its origin in conditioning and memory,

we will be enslaved by it—

and call that slavery God’s mistake.

You see, this question—

“Why did God allow this?”—

arises only when we do not take full responsibility
for what is happening within us.

The moment we see—clearly, directly—
that thought cannot touch the eternal,
that psychological thought always breeds separation,
we are free of it.

And in that freedom,
there is no complaint against God,
no protest against creation,
no appeal to a higher power.

There is only clarity—
and from that clarity comes compassion.

Not as a divine gift,
but as a fact of being whole.

*****

Did God Err?

If thought brings sorrow—
if it divides, compares, desires,

and builds the walls of the self—

then why, you ask,

did God allow such a thing?

Why let the serpent of thought

slither into the garden of life?

Why place in man

the seed of his own suffering?

But pause.

Is this a true question—

or a veiled escape?

Is it born of insight,

or of the old habit

to blame what we do not understand?

Thought itself is not the poison.

It is a flame—

bright, precise, mechanical.

It builds the bridge,

calculates the star,

heals the wound,

organizes the day.

But we took this tool

and made it the master.

We gave it the keys

to the temple of the heart,

to the silence of the sacred.

We asked it to define love,

to possess beauty,

to capture the eternal.

And in doing so,

we shattered the whole.

The poison lies not in thought—

but in the misuse of thought.

In letting the past

shape the present,

in letting memory

decide what is true.

So do not ask why God allowed it.

Ask why we never questioned it.

Why we followed the path of becoming

and never looked at the steps.

Why we worshiped thought

even as it led us into sorrow.

There is no flaw in the stars.

No mistake in the movement of life.

But there is blindness

where we should see.

There is authority

where there should be inquiry.

And when you see

—without effort, without resistance—

the whole machinery of psychological thought,

you step out of it.

Not by will.

Not by prayer.

But by the simple light

of clear perception.

And in that light,

you do not ask

if God made an error.

You see

there was never a god

who gave or took away thought.

Only life,

offering intelligence—

and the freedom

to understand.

*****

The cosmos knows no error,

it moves in the beauty of its own order.

But we—

we let thought,

born to serve,

wear the crown of the sacred.

It measures love,

defines truth,

and cages the infinite in words.

Creation did not fail—

we failed to see

that thought belongs to the field of action,

and must fall silent

before the timeless.

*****

Did God err,
or have we failed to place thought in its rightful place?

If by "God" we mean the immeasurable order of life, the vast intelligence of the cosmos, then there can be no error in it—it simply is, beyond judgment, beyond the human notion of right and wrong.

But in us, thought—born out of necessity to meet the practical needs of living—has overstepped its domain. It was meant to measure, to plan, to build; yet it has taken command over the realm of the heart and the spirit. It has claimed to define love, truth, beauty, even the sacred. In doing so, thought has divided, compared, and reduced the immeasurable into words, symbols, and beliefs.

The failure is not in creation but in our ignorance of the nature of thought. We have allowed the servant to become the master. To see this—not as a theory but as a living fact—is to restore thought to its proper place: useful in the field of action, silent in the field of the timeless.

*****

The Peace Beyond the Image

The greatest peace is not found in prayer,
Nor in the silence of a mountain cave.
It is not the fruit of years of struggle,
Nor the reward of a well-trained mind.

It comes
When there is no image of yourself.

Not the image shaped by praise or blame,
Not the mask worn to please, to succeed, to belong.
Not the memory of what you were,
Nor the dream of what you hope to be.

We live through images—
Layer upon layer of thought's design.
"I am this," "I must become that,"
And so, begins the endless conflict.

You are hurt—
Not by words, but by the image that bleeds.
You are anxious—

Not about life, but about the picture of “you” in tomorrow’s storm.

But look closely—

Is that image you?

Or is it just a shadow cast by thought,

An echo of the past trying to survive?

When the image falls away,

When there is no centre to protect,

No mask to polish, no identity to defend—

There is a vast stillness.

A peace not born of effort,

Not made by discipline or desire.

But a peace that simply is,

Because the self is not.

No observer remains,

Only the clear flame of seeing.

And in that flame,

There is freedom.

Freedom from becoming,

Freedom from fear.

Freedom from the weight of me.

This is the peace that has no opposite.
Not the lull between two sorrows,
But the ending of sorrow itself.

The sacred lives there—
In that space where thought does not enter,
Where there is no image,
And only wholeness remains.

*****

Peace Beyond the Movement of Thought

Peace is not at the end of a path,
Nor hidden in the pages of a sacred book.
It is not found in chants,
In rituals,
Or in the repetition of another's words.

Peace is not a reward,
Not something earned by time,
By effort, by discipline,

Or the denial of desire.

Peace is not within thought—
It is beyond it.

Thought is movement,
Always becoming,
Always chasing or escaping,
Always dividing—
Me and you,
Success and failure,
Right and wrong,
The seeker and the sought.

In this movement there is restlessness,
The ache of incompleteness,
The wound of comparison,
The endless struggle to become.

But when you see thought as it is—
Not with condemnation,
Not with control,
But with simple, direct observation—
A strange stillness begins to unfold.

You begin to see
That thought can organize,
But it cannot love.
It can compare,
But it cannot understand.
It can analyse,
But it cannot see the whole.

Peace begins
When thought ends.

Not by suppressing it,
Not by fighting it,
But by watching it—
Without choice,
Without a centre that says, “I must change.”

Then there is silence.
Not the silence of control,
But the silence of freedom.

In that silence,
There is no becoming.
There is no fear.

There is no self.

There is only what is—
And what is,
When seen completely,
Reveals a peace
That thought has never touched.

A peace without motive,
Without direction,
Without end.

A peace that is sacred.

*****

Can the Mind Remain Unscarred?

When you insult me,
or when you flatter me,
what happens inside?

A word—a movement of sound—
strikes the ear,
but instantly, without pause,

a storm begins.
The self reacts.
It contracts, defends, or delights.
And that reaction becomes a memory,
a mark—pleasurable or painful.

This accumulation of reactions—
that is what we call “experience.”
And the mind,
which is the storehouse of these reactions,
grows thick—
layer upon layer of hurt, pride, image, and fear.

This is the fact.

We carry the scars of every insult
and the intoxication of every praise.
And so, we are never truly free.
We are always interpreting the present
through the wounds of the past.

But is there another way?
Can one hear the insult—
“You are a fool”—

and not instantly recoil?

Can one simply watch,
without defending,
without condemning,
without even accepting?

Perhaps I am a fool.
Then there is nothing to defend.
Or perhaps I am not—
then again, why react?

Similarly, if you praise me,
can I not be carried away
by that soothing fragrance of approval?
Can I watch the movement of thought
that wants to hold on to praise,
to build itself upon it?

To observe—just observe—
without the machinery of reaction,
this is attention.
And attention is not indifference.
It is not cold or withdrawn.

It is flame—alive, alert, choiceless.

In such attention,
the word “fool” or “great man”
passes like the wind.
It leaves no dust behind.
There is no scar, no ego,
no centre to be hurt or nourished.

Then the mind is free of residue.
It is not accumulating psychological experience.
It learns in the moment, and ends there.
Each moment is fresh, unwounded.

Krishnamurti would say:
“To be insulted is to resist the fact.”
And “To be flattered is to seek continuity of pleasure.”
Both are movements of the self—
and where the self is, there is conflict.

But when the self is not—
when you simply see—
then the insult and the flattery

are seen as movements of another's mind.

You observe them as they are,

but they do not shape what you are.

Then, you are free.

And where there is freedom,

there is peace.

*****

Trust not in the image of God, but in the stillness beyond the self:

You say: "Trust in God—He will solve your problems."

Another says: "Trust in the silence where the self is not—that alone brings clarity."

What are we to do?

To believe in God is to hold an image—shaped by tradition, by upbringing, by fear, by hope. You believe not because you have seen truth, but because belief gives comfort. It offers assurance when life feels uncertain, when suffering knocks at the door.

But belief is the projection of thought—

and thought is born of memory, of time.

It clings to the known,

and what is known is never the whole.

Can a mind that is afraid,
that seeks refuge in belief,
ever come upon the sacred?

And what about silence?

Not the silence of a quiet room,
nor the silence forced by control,
but a silence that arises
when the “me” is not seeking, not becoming.

In that silence,
there is no God fashioned by the mind,
no one to be saved,
no saviour to follow.

There is only attention,
pure and undivided—
a seeing that is without the distortion of fear,
without the colouring of desire.

“Reality comes into being only when the self is not.”
So, the question is not whether to believe in God

or in silence—

but whether you can observe the movement of thought,

the craving for security,

the need to believe.

And in that very observation,

without resistance,

a different dimension may open—

a dimension not created by man,

not named, not worshipped,

but lived.

And perhaps,

in that nameless stillness,

is the only true solution

to the problems thought has created.

*****

When you say, “I am worried about death,” who is the one that worries? Is it not the image you have built of yourself—the “me” that clings to continuity, that seeks to remain?

Death itself is not the problem. It is a natural ending, as natural as the setting of the sun. What disturbs the mind is the thought of losing what it has gathered—memories, attachments, experiences, the little structure it calls “my life.”

So, the one who worries about death is the self, which is thought. And thought, being time-bound, projects fear into the future.

Can you see this movement of thought? Can you look at death without the screen of fear, without trying to escape or console yourself? Then death is not something far away, not something to be postponed. It is here, in the ending of each moment, in the fading of every thought, in the silence between two breaths.

To live without carrying the burden of continuity is to meet death and life together. Then worry has no place, for the one who worried—the self—is no longer there.

*****

Living in the World Without Becoming a Product of It

Questioner: Sir, one has to live in this world, earn a livelihood, go to an office, provide for one's family. In such a world of necessity, competition, and pressure—how can one live without conflict?

Answer: Yes, sir. That is the question, isn't it? One must live—have food, shelter, clothing. One may have to go to an office, work under a system that is often inefficient, hierarchical, sometimes even absurd. So, the question is, can one live in this world without becoming a slave to it?

You see, we've accepted this structure as inevitable. But is it? If there were a sane society—a world without nations, without this monstrous machinery of division—perhaps we would not need to work five or six days a week. Perhaps, with intelligence, with technology rightly used, each one would need to work only a day or two, and the rest of the time would be free—not just for pleasure, but for inward flowering.

But that is not the world we have created. So, we must ask: how do you live in this world as it is, yet remain inwardly untouched by its corruption?

Questioner: But isn't it necessary to be efficient, competitive, even aggressive sometimes—to survive?

Answer: Of course, one must be efficient—but what do we mean by efficiency? Is efficiency the same as ambition, as ruthlessness, as trying to outdo your neighbour?

Efficiency is clarity of action. Efficiency has no greed in it. But the moment efficiency is twisted by the desire to succeed, to become somebody, it is no longer clarity—it becomes violence, competition, fragmentation. And that is what we have made of the world: each one trying to become, trying to dominate, to win.

So, the question is, can one live efficiently, responsibly, earn a livelihood, and yet not become psychologically a part of this movement of becoming?

Questioner: Are you saying we should give up all ambition?

Answer: Not should—see what ambition does. Look at it. Observe it in yourself. Not theoretically, not as something to agree or disagree with, but as a fact. When you are ambitious, what takes place?

There is comparison—I must be better than you, I must reach the top. There is conflict, fear, constant measurement. You never rest. There is always more to achieve, more to gain, and always the possibility of failure. Is that intelligence?

To see this clearly—not as an ideal, but as a fact—is to end it. You don't need discipline to end something when you see its danger. When you see a snake, you move away. That is intelligence, not fear.

Questioner: Then how do I live without falling into this trap?

Answer: Sir, see it clearly—not verbally, but actually. Look at your life, your relationships, the pressure to succeed, to prove, to become. Look at the anxiety, the loneliness, the comparison, the sorrow. And see that this whole structure is built by thought.

Thought says: I am this, I must become that. And in that movement lies time, conflict, division.

So, I say: observe without division. Live with the tree, the sky, your neighbour—not with an image, not as me and you, but in direct relationship, without the barrier of the self.

This doesn't mean you escape from your job or your family. It means you live in relationship without the poison of separation, which thought creates.

Questioner: But can one really live without conflict in such a world?

Answer: Yes. Not ideally—but actually. But you have to see. See it as you would see fire—immediately, wholly. Not through opinion or delay.

The world is as it is because we are as we are—each one isolated, seeking his own security, his own salvation. So long as that movement continues, conflict will continue.

But when the mind sees the futility of that movement, not as an idea, but as a burning fact—there is an ending.

And that ending is the beginning of something new—something beyond thought, beyond time. That is where the real revolution begins—not in society first, but in the depth of one's own being.

*****

Dependence on Freebies

When life is reduced to receiving without giving, to taking without earning, the mind becomes dull and the body inert. Work is not merely for survival—it is the movement of life, the natural expression of our energy and intelligence.

When governments give and people accept what they do not truly need or deserve, a subtle decay begins. The vitality of society is not in comfort born of dependence, but in the creative struggle to meet life directly.

Even the lion, king of the forest, loses its strength when it no longer hunts. When the effort of living is removed, the sharpness of the senses dulls, the body grows weak, and the spirit withers.

True well-being—physical, mental, and moral—comes not from being fed, but from living fully, acting wholly, and meeting the challenges of life without fear or escape. Freedom is not in comfort, but in the strength that comes from self-reliance and awareness.

*****

The Withering of Dependence

When you are given what you have not earned,

the body sleeps,

the mind grows heavy,

and the heart loses its song.

Work is not a burden—

it is the pulse of life,

the flowing of energy,
the awakening of the senses to the earth and sky.

But when governments give,
and people take without need, without merit,
a shadow falls over society.
In comfort without effort,
there is the seed of decay.

Even the lion,
noble and fierce,
grows frail if it is fed
and need not hunt.
Its eyes lose the fire,
its muscles forget their purpose.

To live is to meet the day wholly,
to act without fear or sloth,
to find joy in the challenge of existence.
The freedom of man is not in the gift,
but in the awakening of his own strength
and the seeing of life without escape.

*****

The Measure of Work

All work is sacred.
The surgeon's scalpel
and the scavenger's broom
move in the same rhythm
when the heart is free of pride.
Status is a trick of thought,
a mirage in the desert of the self.

Live by working,
not leaning on another
when you can stand alone.
For in self-reliance there is dignity,
in awareness there is freedom,
and in the seeing that all life is one—
there is love without measure.

*****

Living in a world marked by unemployment

How is one to live in a world marked by unemployment, violence, deception, injustice, selfishness, and even the forcible taking of what is rightfully yours?

To ask how to live in such a world is not merely a practical question—it is a profoundly urgent one.

It is not a question to be answered by ideology, religion, or social reform.

It is a question each one must confront directly, inwardly, with complete honesty.

The world is what it is—

A reflection of human consciousness:

Ambitious, fearful, divisive, conditioned.

It is a world of corruption, not just in governments, but in our own hearts—

Where each one is pursuing his own security, his own pleasure, his own survival—

At the cost of the whole.

You may lose your job.

You may face injustice.

Your property may be taken, your trust betrayed.

And naturally, there is sorrow, anger, confusion.

But the real question is not only how to respond outwardly—
Through legal means, through right action—
But how not to be inwardly broken by it all.

Can one live in this world—
With all its noise and cruelty—
Without becoming bitter,
Without becoming violent,
Without being consumed by hatred or fear?

That is the true challenge.

And the answer is not found in escape—
Not in detachment born of indifference,
Not in philosophies that promise peace in some afterlife.

One must live in this world with eyes fully open—
To see the injustice, the greed, the brutality—
And yet not let it breed its echo in your own mind.

This means watching thought.

Watching how quickly it wants to retaliate,

To judge, to condemn, to protect its own image of right and wrong.

But if you react from anger, from hurt, from fear—

You only add to the violence that already exists.

So, there must be a revolution—not out there,

But within.

To live in this world without being of it—

To act, to protect, to speak, yes—

But without the poison of hate,

Without the corruption of self-interest.

This requires immense attention.

To observe the world, and yourself, without distortion.

To act when necessary—not out of revenge,

But from clarity and compassion.

And to live inwardly free—

Without fear, without image, without becoming.

Then, even in a disordered world,

There is order within.

And that inner order is not dependent on outer circumstances.

It is not given by society, nor taken away by force.

That is the only true security—

The unshakable peace of a mind that understands itself completely.

Such a mind cannot be corrupted,

Cannot be deceived,

Cannot be made bitter by injustice.

And that mind, though it lives in this world,

Is not touched by it.

It is like a lotus in a muddy pond—

Rooted in the earth,

Yet blooming in silence,

Untouched by the water that surrounds it.

*****

When man is afraid to bring children into the world, it shows that he has seen the cruelty, the confusion, the endless struggle of existence as it is now. He does not want another

life to suffer as he suffers. This perception is honest; but it also carries fear, and fear cannot be the foundation of right action.

The real question is not: Should I have children or not? The real question is: Why has life become such a burden, such a battlefield, such a place of misery?

It is thought, shaped by the self, that has built this world of competition, of war, of exploitation. It is thought that has divided man against man, and therefore created a society where survival itself feels like suffering. Unless this root is understood, whether one has children or not, humanity will go on perpetuating the same pattern of sorrow.

Humanity continues not merely through biological birth, but through the continuity of the self—through conditioning, tradition, belief, fear. That continuity is the very cause of suffering. The solution is not in stopping birth, nor in forcing it, but in ending the psychological continuity of the self.

When there is a flowering of intelligence, compassion, and awareness in a human being, then whether a child is born or not, that very living becomes the true continuation of humanity in its wholeness, not in its fragmentation.

*****

Man hesitates to bring forth a child,
seeing the world as a field of sorrow,
not wishing another life
to suffer as he has suffered.

But is the question of birth
the real question?

Or is it why life has become
so heavy with fear,
so, torn by struggle and pain?

It is the self,
woven of thought and memory,
that has made this world of conflict,
this endless chain of suffering.

The ending of that self—
not the refusal of birth,
not the pursuit of continuity—
is the true renewal of humanity.

Where compassion flowers,
where intelligence lights the heart,
there humanity is reborn—
whether or not a child is born.

So, it is not the child that sustains humanity,
but the ending of sorrow in the heart of man."

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The meeting without number

It is said that once Jiddu Krishnamurti was scheduled to give a talk to a public gathering.

But on that day, only one person arrived—a woman, quietly seated, waiting.

There was no disappointment in him, no sense of failure or surprise.

He did not say, “We’ll wait for more,” or “Let us postpone.”

Instead, with the same attentiveness he would have given to a thousand,

He looked at her and said, gently,

“Since you are here, what would you like to talk about?”

There was no speaker, no audience.

Only two human beings meeting in the present moment—

Not bound by expectation, number, or formality.

For Krishnamurti, truth was not something to be broadcast to the many,

But something to be seen in the quiet relationship between two minds—

Without authority, without position, without distance.

What mattered was not the size of the gathering,

But the quality of attention—

The seriousness of the inquiry,
The openness of the heart and mind.

This simple act—of turning fully to the one who came—
Speaks more deeply than any doctrine.
It reveals a mind free of ambition,
Unconcerned with fame,
Concerned only with truth.

And in that moment,
The whole of humanity was present—
Because the self was not.

*****

Is Krishnamurti's Teaching an Obstacle to excellence?

It is not a strange question—that truth might be considered an obstacle. But let us look closely.

From childhood, we are trained to compare ourselves with others—measuring, climbing, striving to be faster, stronger, better. We are told that success lies in surpassing someone else. Yet this constant measuring breeds fear, anxiety, and ambition without compassion. Can such a mind, burdened by rivalry, ever discover excellence?

Competition may sharpen the intellect in a narrow sense, but it also breeds restlessness and insecurity. It may produce marks and medals, but it destroys joy. The mind that is always struggling to "become" is never free, never at peace.

True excellence is the flowering of the whole human being. It arises when the mind is quiet, fearless, unburdened by comparison. In that silence there is clarity, and clarity gives birth to intelligence. Out of such intelligence comes precision, creativity, and beauty—not as an achievement, but as a natural expression of life.

Learning, in its purest sense, is not accumulation but observation. It is the flame of curiosity, not the pressure to succeed. In such learning there is no superior or inferior—only freedom to discover.

So, the real question is not whether Krishnamurti's teachings obstruct excellence, but whether competition itself destroys it. If society insists that a student must survive through

rivalry, perhaps it is society that must change—not the insight that sees truth.

Krishnamurti leaves us with questions:

- Can I learn without comparison?
- Can I act without fear?
- Can I live without becoming?

Excellence flowers only when the mind is free of competition.

Difference Between Excellence and Competition

1. Root of Motivation

- Competition: Arises from comparison with others. One wants to be better, faster, stronger, richer. The driving force is fear of failure or desire for recognition.
- Excellence: Arises from love of the thing itself—from attention, curiosity, and joy in doing. The driving force is insight and freedom, not fear.

2. Relationship to Others

- Competition: Always in relation to another— "I must be greater than you." Without the other, competition has no meaning.
- Excellence: Stands alone. It is not measured by others. A musician who plays with love, a surgeon who operates with precision, a student who learns with curiosity—this is excellence that shines by itself.

3. Effect on the Mind

- Competition: Creates comparison, tension, insecurity. The mind is restless, ambitious, never at peace.
- Excellence: Flowers in stillness. The mind is quiet, attentive, fearless. Out of such clarity comes intelligence, and out of intelligence comes true excellence.

4. Outcome

- Competition: May produce success—marks, medals, money, positions—but these are external. It breeds conflict within and without.
- Excellence: Produces intelligence and creativity. It is the natural flowering of a whole human being, which expresses itself in beauty, precision, compassion, and order.

5. Time and Becoming

- Competition: Always future-oriented—becoming something tomorrow by defeating someone else today.
- Excellence: Exists in the present. It is the act done with total attention now—not in the pursuit of becoming.

Competition is rooted in comparison and fear; it divides and corrodes.
Excellence is born in freedom and attention; it unites and brings clarity.

Excellence flowers only when there is no competition—
when the mind is free of the restless movement of
becoming.

Can One Live by Philosophy Alone?

People often say,
“You cannot live on Krishnamurti’s philosophy.
You need money. You must earn, provide, survive.
Philosophy doesn’t feed you—it doesn’t put food on the table.”

And perhaps they are right, at one level.

You do need food, shelter, clothing.
You must work, earn a livelihood, function in society.
That is a fact—not a theory, not something to deny or escape.

But the real question is:
Can you live intelligently in this world—earn, relate, survive—
Without becoming a slave to it?

Is money the only measure of life?
And in the pursuit of security,
Must one lose all clarity, all peace, all sanity?

The problem is not that you need money—
It is that your life becomes centred around it.

The mind, trapped in fear and desire,
Says: “I must have more, or I will be nothing.”

So, the job is no longer just for food—
It becomes a symbol of self-worth.
The house is no longer shelter—

It is a projection of status.
And money is no longer a tool—
It is identity, power, ambition.

Krishnamurti never denied the need to earn a living.
He said, earn—but do it without conflict.
Live—but without the burden of becoming.
Work—but not as a means to build the self.

What destroys us is not the act of earning,
But the psychological dependence,
The endless comparison, the fear of not becoming somebody.

So, the question is not whether philosophy puts food on the table—
The question is:
Can you live in this world without being corrupted by it?

Can you work without ambition?
Can you earn without fear?
Can you act without the poison of the ego?

That is where the true philosophy lives—
Not in words, not in theories,
But in how you live each moment:
Simply, intelligently, without conflict.

To live that way
is the greatest action—
And it brings with it
not only freedom from fear,
but a new kind of order
that no amount of money can buy.

Is Philosophy Only for the Full Stomach?

Questioner: Sir, some say that philosophy is only for those whose stomachs are full.
What use is awareness, truth, or self-knowledge when a man is hungry?

Answer: Yes, that is what people often say, and there's a certain truth in it.
When the body is starving, when there is physical pain,
the mind turns to food, not to freedom.
The body's needs come first—this is clear.
But let us go a little deeper. Shall we?

You see, animals too seek food, warmth, survival.
They face danger, but they don't suffer psychologically.
They don't invent ideas of success or failure,
nor do they fear not becoming something in the eyes of others.

Questioner: So, you're saying that even when the stomach is full, we still suffer?

Answer: Precisely.
There are people with enormous wealth, with full stomachs,
and yet they live in fear, in loneliness, in constant struggle.
So, the problem is not just hunger of the body—
but the hunger of the mind, of the self.

That self—what you call the "me"—
is always wanting, comparing, achieving, fearing.
And that movement is what creates inward sorrow.

A full stomach cannot end the ache of isolation.
It cannot end greed or envy.
The poor man wants food—yes.
But the rich man wants more and more, endlessly.
Both are caught in desire.

Questioner: Then is philosophy only an intellectual exercise?

Answer: Ah, but we are not talking about philosophy as theory.
We are not interested in abstract speculation.
We are talking of seeing clearly—of observing the structure of thought,
and how it brings about conflict, inwardly and outwardly.

To see what is false, and to end it—
that is not intellectual. That is intelligence.

Questioner: But is that possible for the poor, the oppressed?

Answer: It is possible for any mind that is alert, that is serious, that inquires.
It is not a question of wealth or poverty—
it is a question of urgency.
When you really see the falseness of this whole structure—
not just society, but the inner conditioning of thought—
there can be a total ending of conflict.

And from that ending, something new begins.

So, truth is not reserved for those with full stomachs.

It is not a luxury.
In fact, it may be the most vital thing for both the rich and the poor.
Because to live in confusion, whether with money or without, is still to live in suffering.

Questioner: Then what is it that one must do?

Answer: You must observe. Not escape, not explain away, not suppress—just see.
Watch the movement of desire, of fear, of comparison.
Watch without naming, without condemning.
In that watching, the self begins to dissolve.
And when the self ends, conflict ends.

That is the beginning of real living.

*****

The Gold of Understanding

Question: I wish to marry a man who is wealthy so that I can live a life free from problems. Why should I choose someone who is selfless but may not give me the same comforts?

Answer: Do you believe that wealth can shield you from the problems of living? Can money ever insulate the mind from loneliness, from fear, from the ache of wanting to be something?

A rich man may offer you security in terms of comfort, but can comfort ever replace love? A selfless man may not feed your vanity, may not decorate your life with luxury—but he may care for you without calculation, without using you as a

means to his ends. Is that not of far greater value than a life filled with things but empty of affection?

You say you want a problem-free life. But is such a life possible as long as the self—the ego with its endless desires and comparisons—continues? The very demand for a life without disturbance is itself a movement of fear, of becoming, of wanting to escape from inward emptiness.

The selfless man may not feed your pride, but he may awaken in you the beauty of humility. He may not flatter your image, but he may hold a mirror in which you see yourself clearly. And in that seeing, there is freedom—not from problems, but from the self that creates them.

A problem-free life is not the result of marrying wealth; it arises only when the mind is free from becoming—from the endless desire to be more, to possess more, to compare and to conquer. Where there is love, not desire, there is no problem. Where there is understanding, not ambition, there is peace.

*****

The Illusion of a Problem-Free Life

You say,
“Let me marry wealth—
a life adorned with ease,
free from care,
away from storms.”

But is gold a balm
for the ache of isolation?
Can silk sheets soften
the cry of a heart unseen?

The rich may feed the body,
but who shall nourish the soul?
Desire may dress the house,
but love is the light within it.

A selfless man,
he may not flatter your mirror,
but he may show you
the truth beyond your face.

He may not build you castles in air,
but he may walk with you
on the bare earth,
hand in hand
with silence and understanding.

You seek a life without problems—
but do you see?
The self is the root of the problem.
Where the “me” wants, compares, and becomes,
there lies conflict,
though the walls be gold.

But when there is no self to defend,
no image to uphold—
there begins the real life:
simple, clear,
without the noise of becoming.

Not comfort, but clarity.
Not riches, but right seeing.
Not a partner to fill your emptiness,
but one with whom silence is enough.

Then life flows,
not as an escape,
but as a flame
of love that asks nothing.

*****

Planting the Seed of Truth

Jiddu Krishnamurti planted something rare in this world—
A seed of truth that asks for no belief,
No authority,
No following.

It is not a seed born of time or tradition.
It is the seed of seeing—
Of perceiving directly what is true,
And what is false, without distortion.

Such a seed is not to be forced.
You cannot command it to grow.
It is not to be marketed, organized, or institutionalized.
It must take root in the quietness of one's own observation,
In the stillness of one's own being.

And like all things that are real and living,
It takes time.
Not clock time, not calendar time—
But a time that is timeless,
A flowering that happens when conditions are right,

When the soil of the mind is free from fear,
When the heart is no longer burdened by becoming.

We must nourish the soil of the mind—
Not with dogma or doctrine,
But with deep inquiry,
With awareness,
With a life that is inwardly simple and free.

Centuries ago, even in the land of so-called devotion,
The followers of Vishnu and Shiva
Waged war in the name of the sacred.
One name against another,
One image opposing the other—
As though truth could be divided.

Today, that division has faded into memory.
Time has worn away the sharp edges of identity.
And so too in Christianity—
Over two thousand years of dogma, schism, and conflict
Have slowly softened,
Though confusion and contradiction remain.

Truth is not bound by any one tradition.
It is not found in temples or in books,
But in the seeing of what is,
Without the interference of thought.

And it may not bear fruit in our lifetime.
You may teach, speak, live the truth
And see no echo around you.
But that does not matter.

It is not your truth.
You are not the owner of the seed.

You are the caretaker of clarity,
The one who waters quietly,
Without expectation,
Without the burden of success.

A day will come—
Sooner or later—
When the mind is ready,
When humanity, worn out by division and suffering,
Is still enough to see.

And in that stillness,

Truth will be seen as truth,

And the false as false.

Not because anyone taught it,

But because it is there—eternally there—

Waiting to be seen

By a mind that is utterly free.

*****

Heaven Is Not Elsewhere

Heaven is not in some faraway realm, not in the clouds or beyond death—it is here, on this very earth, in the beauty of a tree, the silence of a sunset, the innocence of a mind uncorrupted by the self. But man, through the movement of thought, through the endless pursuit of becoming, has turned this heaven into a kind of hell.

He calls himself civilized—yes, civilized in destroying forests, in polluting the rivers and the air, in manufacturing instruments of war, in breeding conflict through ideologies and religions. He has mastered the art of exploitation—of nature, of his fellow human beings, and most tragically, of his own mind.

He knows intellectually that this "self"—this 'me' with its fears, ambitions, images, and desires—is a construct. He reads it in books, hears it in talks, senses its truth in moments of silence. Yet he continues to act from it, cling to it, defend it, beautify it.

Why?

Because without this illusion of self, he feels lost, insecure, meaningless. He is frightened of emptiness—frightened of being nobody. So, he builds an identity out of beliefs, memories, possessions, attachments—and calls it life. But this very movement sustains conflict, division, sorrow.

And in this world, the man who lives without self—who has no ambition, no greed, no psychological image to protect—is often seen as a fool. He is labelled depressed, inefficient, abnormal, because he does not fit into the pattern of a sick society.

But perhaps it is he who has truly seen.

To live without the self is not to deny life—it is to meet it fully, to see without distortion, to love without condition. In that freedom, heaven is not a dream—it is the actuality of living without conflict, without division, without becoming.

Where the self ends… life begins.

*****

Where Heaven Was

Heaven is not beyond the clouds,

Not after death,

Not in scriptures or imagined rewards.

It was here—

In the stillness of a tree,

In the vast sky before dusk,

In a mind untouched by becoming.

But thought came,

And carved the self into stone.

Desire grew its limbs,

Fear gave it a name,

Memory became its breath—

And the self was born.

Man became civilized—
Polished in words,
Efficient in war,
Brilliant in destruction.
He kills the earth to feed a ghost—
The ghost of “me.”

He knows—
Yes, he knows it is an illusion.
He reads, listens, nods in agreement.
But still clings to the self,
For without it,
He fears he is nothing.

And in this world,
The one who lives without self,
Without ambition or title,
Is called mad—
Or worse, irrelevant.
He does not chase,
He does not compare—
And so, he is cast aside.

But perhaps he alone is sane.

For to live without the self
Is to see clearly—
To feel the sacredness of life
Without the distortion of becoming.

Where the self ends,
Heaven is not elsewhere—
It is here.
In the quiet flowering
Of a mind free from itself.

*****

What Is Joy?

Is joy found in helping another—or in exploiting them for your own gain?

Is it in the act of giving, or in the satisfaction of possessing?

Before we go any further, we must understand that joy is not pleasure.

Pleasure arises through stimulation—through memory, anticipation, repetition.

It is born of desire, fed by thought, and craves continuity.

But joy is not born of thought—it cannot be cultivated, planned, or remembered.

Joy comes when the self is absent—when there is no centre accumulating, demanding, becoming.

Someone may ask:

"Can there be joy when I lose something, and another unjustly gains?"

But is not such a question itself rooted in comparison, in measurement—

A mind dividing the world into "mine" and "yours,"

Into loss and gain, right and wrong?

As long as the "me" remains at the centre of our perception,

Even charity becomes an extension of self-interest—

A way to feel virtuous, to appear generous, to secure approval or inner reward.

But when the “me” is not,

When action springs from the silence of compassion—

Not from ideology, belief, or motive—

Then there is something sacred:

A joy that is not personal, not psychological,

Not conditioned by the past or bound to the future.

It is not yours or mine. It simply is.

One may ask:

“Can joy exist in a man with a full stomach while others around him go hungry?”

He may justify it, saying, “It is not my concern—it is their responsibility.”

But such reasoning is born of a fragmented, indifferent mind—

A mind that has divided itself from the wholeness of life.

True joy cannot coexist with inward division.

It is not born of insensitivity or escape.

The man who is inwardly whole cannot remain untouched by the suffering of another.

But for the man who is starving, in pain, desperate—

The first need is food, not philosophy.

Only when the body is cared for, when survival is not threatened,

Can the movement of joy and compassion blossom.

So, we are asking something much deeper:

Can there be joy where there is no image?

No “me” to protect, to succeed, to become?

Can the mind be still—

Not striving to help, not striving to win—

But simply being with what is,

With a clarity that has no centre, no resistance?

In that stillness,

There is a fragrance—a flowering that is effortless.

And that is joy.

Joy is not the result of doing good.

It is the essence of a mind that has ended conflict.

It is the lightness that comes when there is no psychological weight to carry.

In that state, there is neither helping nor exploiting—

Only love without possession,

Compassion without motive.

*****

Why Do We Protect the Image?

Man is deeply concerned with protecting the image he holds of himself—

The image he has built through years of success, failure, approval, and comparison.

Even when he knows he has made a mistake,

He hesitates to acknowledge it—

Not necessarily because he doesn't see the error,

But because to admit it is to risk damage to the image

He has carefully cultivated in the eyes of others and in his own.

And this image—the "me"—

Is nothing more than a bundle of memories, experiences, beliefs, and conclusions,

Woven together by thought and sustained by society.

It is a fabrication—an illusion.

And yet, we cling to it as though our very existence depends on it.

You may say, "I understand intellectually that the image is illusory,"

But is that understanding merely verbal, abstract, theoretical?

If you merely know it as an idea, then the centre—the "me"—still remains.

Thought has created this image, and thought pretends to dismantle it

By saying, “Yes, I know it is false.”

But the knowing is still within the field of thought—

And therefore, illusion continues in another form.

So, can one go beyond intellectual understanding?

Can one see, not as a conclusion, but as a fact,

That any image, even a noble one, is a source of division and conflict?

To see that clearly is the beginning of true transformation.

And that transformation is not the result of will, effort, or discipline.

It happens when you observe the movement of thought and the birth of the image

Without resistance, without justification, without condemnation.

Then, in that choiceless observation,

There is no “observer” who is separate from what is observed.

In that total seeing,

The image dissolves—not bit by bit, but wholly, instantly.

And then, accepting a mistake, or acknowledging what is,

Is no longer a matter of shame or fear.

It is simply the fact—and the fact is met without resistance.

It is only when the fear of losing the image ends
That honesty, humility, and real intelligence flower.

*****

The Mask of Me

Man carries a mask,
Woven from memory,
Stitched with fear,
Polished by praise and blame.
He calls it “me”
And guards it like treasure,
Though it is but a shadow
Cast by thought.

He errs—he knows—
Yet cannot say,
“I was wrong,”
For that mask might crack,
And the illusion
Might lose its sheen.

He says,
“Yes, I understand—it is just an image,”
But it is thought again,
Playing its clever game,
Hiding behind understanding
That is not lived.

To see the image
Is not to name it,
Not to tame it,
But to look—
Silently, attentively—
Without the looker.

Can you see the movement
Of the self-making machine,
Without resistance,
Without escape,
Without trying to fix or flee?

In that flame of pure seeing,
The mask falls.
Not gradually—
But utterly,

Like a dream dissolving
In the light of morning.

Then,
Mistake is just what it is—
A fact,
Not a wound to pride.

Then,
No image is damaged,
Because there is no image.

And where there is no image,
There is no fear,
Only the clear,
Quiet air
Of truth.

*****

All Life Is One

Do not compare.

Do not say, “My life is not blessed while others flourish.”

Do not say, “I lack intelligence, while others shine.”

Do not say, “I have no wealth, while others have more than they can spend.”

Do not lament, “Fate does not favour me.”

All such thoughts arise from the deep root of comparison,

Which is the essence of conflict.

Where there is comparison, there is division.

And where there is division, there is sorrow.

Each life is unique, unrepeatable.

You are not here to become someone else,

To measure yourself against another,

To chase what they have or be what they are.

You are here to understand yourself—

Not the image you carry,

But the whole movement of your being.

Remain quiet, not with forced silence,

But with a silence born of attention.

Do what you do—whether small or grand—
With love, with care, with clarity,
Not for reward, not to impress,
But because the act itself is whole.

Do not divide life into “high” and “low,”
“Sacred” and “ordinary.”
When the mind is free from ambition,
Free from the itch to become,
Then even the smallest act—
Sweeping the floor, planting a seed—
Becomes a sacred offering.

And know this:
Nothing is permanent—
Not your name, not your wealth, not even your children.
Everything that is born will fade.
Everything that is held will slip away.

The body returns to the earth,
As all things do.
But what matters is not what you leave behind,
But how deeply you lived while you were here—
Whether you lived as a mask,

Or in truth.

To live without illusion,
To die each day to the past,
Is to meet life anew.
In such living,
There is no envy, no sorrow, no fear—
Only the profound beauty of what is.

*****

Do not say,
“My life is not blessed while others rejoice,”
“My mind is dull while theirs shines bright,”
“I lack the gold that fills their vaults,”
“Fate has turned her face from me.”

All this is the noise of comparison—
The mind measuring, judging, dividing.
And where division is,
There sorrow takes root.

You are not here to compete,

Not to outshine another or gather more.

You are here to see,

To listen deeply,

To live wholly without becoming.

Work, whether great or small,

Is sacred when done in love.

Sweep the floor, plant a tree,

Touch the task with presence—

Let your hands move without motive.

Do not call some acts holy

And others mundane.

When the self is absent,

All life is one flame.

Nothing remains—

Not your name, nor your riches,

Not even the children of your blood.

All returns to the earth,

To dust and silence.

So live—not to leave a mark,

But to meet life without resistance,

To walk each step without the burden of becoming,

To end each day without regret.

To live without illusion

Is to die to the past each moment.

And in such dying,

Is the freshness of life—

A joy that needs no reason,

A love untouched by memory.

*****

Life Cannot Be Measured

All life is one, indivisible, sacred.

No life is superior to another, for the essence of life cannot be measured, compared, or placed in hierarchy.

Yet the mind asks: “Is not the life of a teacher, like Krishnamurti, more valuable than another’s, because he has to live and speak to the world?”

But the moment you say one life is superior, you have already broken the wholeness. The river of life does not belong to you, or to me, or to a teacher—it flows through all. To separate it into greater and lesser is the creation of thought, not the reality of life.

Suppose two people are in a boat. The boat is about to sink; it cannot carry both. One must leave for the other to remain. The question immediately arises: “Whom shall we save?”

But see what has happened: the mind has already entered into calculation, into comparison, into the cruelty of measurement. Truth does not lie in choosing one over the other, for the very choice divides. When there is awareness of the whole, the act—whatever it may be—emerges from compassion, not from judgment.

In compassion there is no superior, no inferior. There is only love, which acts without motive, without the burden of choice.

*****

All life is one,

not greater here, not lesser there.

To call one life superior

is already corruption,

a wound of comparison.

You ask:

Is not the teacher’s life more valuable,

for he speaks to the world?

But life is not his,

nor yours,

nor mine.

It is a river,
flowing through all.

Two persons on a sinking boat—
one must leave.
The moment you ask,
“Whom to save?”
you have fallen into division,
you have broken the whole.

Love does not calculate,
compassion does not measure.
When the mind is free of comparison,
action is whole,
spontaneous,
beyond sacrifice,
beyond choice.

In that silence,
life acts through you.
Not as duty,
not as heroism,
but as wholeness itself—

without superior,

without inferior,

without self.

*****

Question: You say all life is one, that no life is superior to another. But is it not true that the life of one who teaches, like Krishnamurti, is more valuable than another's, because he must live and speak to the world?

Answer: Sir, is life ever superior or inferior? The moment you measure life, you have divided it. Life in its essence is whole, not "mine" or "yours." To call one life greater denies the sacredness of the whole.

Question: But imagine two people in a boat, sinking. Only one may survive. Whom should we ask to sacrifice?

Answer: The moment you ask, you have already calculated—this one useful, that one less useful. In that very calculation, compassion is lost. The question is not whom to save, but whether the mind can be free of comparison.

Question: Then what is one to do?

Answer: When the mind is free from comparison and preference, action arises naturally. From that freedom comes the right act—not chosen, not judged, not measured. In compassion there is no superior and no inferior. Action born of wholeness is the only true action.

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Beyond Worth and Worthless:

To measure life in terms of "worth" or "worthless" is already to fall into the trap of comparison. Thought seeks value, seeks reward, and condemns failure. But life itself is not bound by these measures. The tree, the bird, the flowing river do not ask whether they are worthy or unworthy—they simply are.

When the mind lives in division—chasing power, pleasure, or security—life becomes shallow, fragmented, burdened with conflict. Out of that shallowness arises the sense of emptiness, of "worthlessness." Then one struggles to fill that emptiness with belief, with achievement, with attachment.

But when there is compassion born of intelligence—not cultivated pity, not sentimental emotion, but the clarity of seeing suffering and the ending of its cause—then life flowers in its wholeness. In that flowering there is no question of value. It is not "worthwhile" or "worthless"; it is simply complete.

So, the issue is not whether life without compassionate intelligence is worthless. The issue is whether the mind can awaken to compassion that is inseparable from intelligence. Where that is, life is whole; where it is not, life is fragmentary, and in fragmentation there is always sorrow.

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If you lose touch with nature you lose touch with humanity. If there is no relationship with nature you become a killer; then you kill baby seals, whales, dolphins and man either for gain, for sport, for food or for knowledge. Then nature is frightened of you, withdrawing its beauty. You may take long walks in the woods or camp in lovely places but you are a

killer and so lose their friendship. You are probably not related to anything, to your wife or husband.
This poignant passage comes from Krishnamurti's reflections during his time in Ojai in 1983, as captured in Talk 1—a powerful reminder of the intimate, non-verbal communion he urged us to maintain with nature, and the consequences when that communion is broken.

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When you say, "Better to let this life end than to live in violence," you are touching the truth that life sustained by cruelty is no life at all.

But one must be careful—this is not a matter of choice or will. It is not that you decide, "I will die rather than kill." Any decision is still the movement of thought, of the self.

What matters is whether the mind sees, directly and completely, the whole structure of violence—the killing, the insensitivity, the coarsening of the heart. If you see it totally, without escape, without justification, then out of that perception action flows naturally.

That action may mean eating differently, living differently; it may mean letting this body go when it cannot be sustained without harm. But it is not a conclusion—it is not a heroic stand—it is simply the flowering of intelligence.

And that intelligence, which is compassion, does not choose between this life and that life. It sees the sacredness of all life. In that seeing, there is no violence, and therefore there is real life.

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The Crisis Is Within

The great difficulties of human life are not divine retributions, nor the random misfortunes of a blind universe. They are, at their root, the creation of man himself—born of thought, of fear, of desire, of the endless pursuit of becoming. The outer disorder is a reflection of the inner fragmentation.

It is not God or karma or destiny that forges our suffering, but our lack of understanding of ourselves. And where there is no self-knowledge, no inward clarity, there is confusion—and where there is confusion, every action, however well-intentioned, breeds more conflict.

We have given immense value to knowledge, to scientific advancement, to economic growth. We teach children to split atoms, to compete, to achieve, to conform. We celebrate success, ambition, and cleverness. But we do not teach them to look inward—to observe their anger, their fear, their loneliness, their envy. We do not help them see how thought divides, how it builds the "me" and the "not me," the image of the self and the image of the other.

So, we have become experts in building rockets and religions, but not in understanding sorrow.

We know how to reach the moon, but not how to end our own inner violence.

We glorify nationalism, yet ignore the root of division within—the self.

What, then, is truly urgent?

Not more technological expansion, not more organized religions, not more social reforms—but the awakening of intelligence. Not the intelligence of memory and calculation, but the intelligence that comes from direct perception of "what is."

This awakening cannot be taught in schools through textbooks or disciplines. It must begin with each one of us, now—not tomorrow, not through another, not through a saviour or a system.

If Krishnamurti were here today, perhaps he would say:

"Do not follow me or anyone. But watch your own mind. Observe its movements, its cunning, its fears, its cravings. In that watching, without condemnation or justification, a new light is born. A light not of intellect, but of insight. And when there is insight, there is immediate transformation."

He might ask:

- Can you look at yourself—not partially, but wholly?
- Can you look at your attachments without resistance?
- Can you observe your fear without the observer who wants to change it?

He would not offer a method. He would not say, "Do this, and you will be free." He would point to the fact that freedom is not at the end of practice—but at the beginning, when the mind is free to look.

So, what shall we do?

We must become students of life—not in the academic sense, but in the deepest sense of the word "student"—one who is humble, one who is willing to learn anew, not from others, but from the unfolding of life itself.

Let us:

- Begin with attention—complete, unfragmented attention to each moment.
- Cease escaping from pain, from loneliness, from silence—and observe them as they are.
- Relate to one another not through images and expectations, but directly, vulnerably.
- Live without becoming—without the pursuit of an ideal, for every ideal is a projection of what we are not.

This is not a retreat from the world. It is the only revolution that matters—a revolution not in the streets, but in consciousness. For when one human being undergoes radical inward transformation, he becomes a light to others—not as a guide, but as a presence.

The world needs not more followers of ideologies, but awakened human beings—who act, not out of fear or ambition, but from love, from clarity, from compassion.

And that thought-free awareness begins with you—not tomorrow, but now.

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The Flame of Creation Beyond the Self

There is a passion that burns
not from ambition,
not from the desire to become great,
not from the urge to be known —
but from the sheer intensity of seeing, feeling, and being.

This passion is not personal.
It is not my passion, or your passion.
It does not belong to the self.

And when this flame is alight,
there comes a quality of creativity —
untouched by comparison,
unspoiled by motive.

We often think creativity is the expression of the self —
the artist, the poet, the dancer, the thinker —
each carving their name into the stone of the world.

But what we call “success” in art

is too often rooted in psychological becoming —
in the desire to be admired, remembered, or rewarded.

That is not creation.
That is continuation —
of the self through image, style, and legacy.

True creation begins where the self is not.

When the mind is quiet —
not caught in fear, not seeking applause —
then there is space.
And in that space,
something new can be born.

Not my thought,
not your expression,
but a movement of life itself.

It may take form as a painting, a poem,
a gesture of love, a moment of insight —
but it is not the product of will.

It is the result of choiceless awareness —

a state in which observation is free,

and the observer is absent.

Krishnamurti said:

“Passion comes when there is no self, and without passion there is no creation.”

This is not a theory.

It is to be seen directly —

that when the me is not trying to become,

when thought is not reaching, grasping, or projecting,

there is a flame.

That flame is not for success.

It is not for the market or the museum.

It is its own beauty.

And in that flame,

there is the true artist —

anonymous, silent, free.

*****

When the Self Is Silent, Creation Begins

There is a passion
not born of ambition,
not seeking applause,
not chasing its name across the sky.

It is a flame
that burns without smoke—
clear, intense, without direction.

It does not say,
“I will become an artist,”
“I must be remembered,”
“This work is mine.”

That passion comes
when the self has gone quiet,
when thought no longer whispers,
“What will they think of me?”

True creation is not yours or mine.

It is not a product of will,
nor the offspring of talent.

It moves like wind across water—
formless, silent,
until it takes shape
without effort, without motive.

The poet may write,
the painter may paint,
the child may hum a tune—
but in that act,
there is no centre.

There is no becoming—
only being.
And in that being,
there is beauty beyond measure.

But the world teaches us to create
from comparison,
from fear,
from the craving to be someone.

So, our songs become echoes,
our art becomes memory,
our passion becomes possession.

Yet when the self is not—
not suppressed, but absent—
there is space.

And in that space,
creation flowers.

Not for a gallery.
Not for a prize.
But because it must.

It is the breath of life
moving without name,
loving without possession,
giving without asking.

When the self is silent,
creation begins.

True Learning Is Freedom from the Known

Learning is not the accumulation of knowledge.

To accumulate is to store, to repeat, to add layer upon layer of the past.

But the past is not the living present. The past is memory, experience, tradition—

and all of it is old.

When you look at a situation through the lens of what you already know,

you are not truly learning from it.

You are merely comparing, judging, measuring, and adjusting

according to a pattern that is already fixed.

Such a mind is not free to learn—it is merely continuing.

True learning happens only when the mind is quiet,

when it is not burdened with conclusions, not seeking an outcome,

not trying to shape the present to fit the past.

Krishnamurti would say:

“To learn is to observe without the interference of knowledge.”

Because knowledge always interferes—it colours what you see.

It says, “I know this. I have seen this before. Let me name it, categorize it, respond to it.”

But life is never the same.

The moment is never what it was yesterday.

To bring yesterday into today is to not see what is.

Learning, then, is an act of choiceless awareness.

It is to watch, to listen, to feel—without translation,

without putting it into the framework of what should be, or what was.

In that watching, the mind is open, fresh, innocent.

And only such a mind can learn.

To learn is not to gather.

To learn is to die to yesterday—so that today may be seen as it is.

This is not a matter of effort or will.

It is a matter of seeing the limitation of accumulation

and letting go of the false comfort of the known.

Then, learning becomes a living thing—
not bound by time,
not confined to schools or scriptures,
but present in every movement of life.

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Not Knowing, I Learn

I do not learn
by gathering more—
more words, more facts, more names to store.
For what is gathered weighs the mind,
and what is known makes the eye blind.

To see anew, I must not bring
the ghost of yesterday to everything.
No image drawn from what has been
can grasp the truth that now walks in.

To learn is not to build a wall
of theories great or knowledge tall—
but to be still, to simply see,

without the lens of memory.

The mind that knows is quick to name,
to judge, compare, defend, or blame.
But such a mind has ceased to grow—
it moves in circles, not in flow.

So, I let the past fall from my hand,
like dust returning into sand.
No more the weight of what I've read,
no more the voices of the dead.

In silence deep, I watch arise
a leaf, a tear, a child's eyes.
And in that seeing, pure and bare,
learning blossoms unaware.

It is not mine—it has no goal—
but burns like fire through the soul.
A light that comes when self is still—
not bound by memory, thought, or will.

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The Glorification of Aggression

From early childhood, we are conditioned to admire violence —
not the brutality of a street brawl, but the refined, historicized violence of conquest, ambition, and domination.

We teach children to praise kings who expanded empires,
not by love, not by wisdom,
but through bloodshed — through the sword and the scream.

These kings — who destroyed villages, razed cities, and enslaved millions —
are carved in stone, written into textbooks, woven into tradition.
Their stories are repeated with pride.
They are called great — not because they healed, but because they conquered.

And so, the young mind is shaped —
to see aggression as glory,
killing as heroism,
selfish ambition as tradition.

We are told: "Be like them — achieve, conquer, leave your mark."

But such teachings are not signs of a civilized mind —
they are echoes of a primitive self,
dressed in national colours, anthems, and rituals.

Krishnamurti often asked:

“Why do we educate children to fit into a corrupt society, instead of helping them understand themselves?”

War in the 21st Century — A Mirror of the Self

We call ourselves modern.
We build smart cities, send satellites into space, write codes no one can read.

And yet — we still kill each other.
We still go to war — not just with bombs and bullets,
but in thought, in ideology, in economic oppression.

Why?

Because the self — the “me” — still rules.

This self is aggressive.
It must have power, security, status.
And when its image is threatened, it strikes — with tanks or with tweets, with armies or with economic sanctions.

So long as this centre of selfishness remains,
there will be conflict — within and without.

The Need for a Radical Shift

We do not need better weapons, or smarter leaders.
We need a radical inner revolution —

a total ending of the self that seeks to dominate, to succeed, to become.

The problem is not war — it is what causes war.
And that cause is in each of us:
the desire to possess, to compare, to outshine.

Can we educate our children — not with stories of empire, but with the art of observation?
Can we invite them to see the futility of aggression — not as moral sermon, but as fact?

Only then can a new mind be born —
a mind that does not divide the world into "mine" and "theirs,"
a mind that sees the sacredness of life in every form,
and therefore, does not kill — in thought or in action.

When the Self Ends, Peace Begins

To understand the self is not to renounce the world —
but to meet it without division.

When the "me" is not,
there is no enemy.
There is no one to conquer.
There is only relationship —
and in that relationship, compassion, and intelligence flower.

This is not an ideal.
It is the only real revolution.

And without this inner revolution,
we will continue to call murderers “heroes,”
continue to educate children in the art of violence,
and continue to destroy — in the name of tradition, security, and progress.

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The Crown of Blood

They tell us stories —

of kings who conquered,

who extended their kingdoms

with fire and steel,

and left behind

borders soaked in blood.

They are called heroes.

Their names carved in stone,

their deeds inked in textbooks,

their ambition dressed as tradition.

Children sit in rows

learning the art of division —
mine and yours,
flag and anthem,
enemy and hero.

And so, the seed is sown —
to admire the hand that strikes,
to worship the name that dominates,
to measure life by victory.

How primitive we are —
still killing in the name of peace,
still bowing to power in the 21st century.

We call it progress.
But what has changed?

We send rockets to Mars,
yet cannot live without conflict on Earth.
We speak of God,
yet kill in His name.
We praise intelligence,

yet cling to the ancient stupidity of war.

Why?

Because the self still rules —
the “me” that wants to become,
to conquer,
to leave a mark.

And organized society is built
on this sacred illusion —
the continuity of the self.

Until that illusion ends,
wars will continue,
and murder will wear a crown.

Let us tell our children a different story —
not of conquest,
but of compassion.
Not of glory,
but of freedom from the self.

When the self ends,

there is no enemy.

Then, and only then,

can we say:

“We have grown.”

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Core insights of Jiddu Krishnamurthi

Jiddu Krishnamurti, a philosopher and spiritual teacher, often emphasized the transformative power of silence—not as something to be cultivated through effort, but as a natural byproduct of a mind that is deeply aware and free from psychological conflict. According to Krishnamurti, true silence arises only when the mind is completely still, without being forced, controlled, or directed. This kind of stillness is not the result of discipline or suppression, but of understanding the nature of thought itself.

Here are some core insights Krishnamurti offered regarding silence and intelligence:

1. Effortless Silence

Krishnamurti warned that any attempt to achieve silence through will or technique is itself a form of noise. When the mind tries to silence itself, it is still operating within the field of thought—and thought, by its nature, is movement and disturbance.

"Silence cannot be cultivated, it cannot be practiced… When you make an effort to be silent, that very effort is a form of noise."

— Krishnamurti

Instead, silence emerges when the mind sees the futility of effort and drops it entirely. It is not the outcome of practice but the result of insight.

2. The Nature of Thought

Krishnamurti repeatedly pointed out that thought is limited, conditioned by memory, experience, and time. When the mind is constantly chattering—evaluating, judging, comparing—it cannot see clearly.

By observing thought non-judgmentally, without trying to control it, the mind begins to understand its own movement. This understanding brings a natural quietness.

"It is only when the mind is free from the known that it can be still. And it is only then that there can be a new perception."

— Krishnamurti

3. Stillness as the Ground of Intelligence

For Krishnamurti, intelligence is not the product of thought, but arises in the space where thought is quiet. This intelligence is not personal or accumulative—it is an insightful, direct perception of truth.

When the mind is still—free from resistance, control, and the noise of thought—there is clarity. From this clarity emerges

an intelligence that is compassionate, sensitive, and creative, untethered to ego or conditioning.

"Only when the mind is completely quiet, not through discipline, not through any form of compulsion, control, or imitation, but when it is really quiet—only then can it learn."

— Krishnamurti

4. Silence and Perception

Silence allows for perception without distortion. A noisy mind projects its own fears, desires, and conclusions onto what it sees. But a still mind perceives reality directly, without interference.

In that perception, there is no division between the observer and the observed, and this unity is a hallmark of deep intelligence.

Krishnamurti's vision of silence is radically different from typical notions of meditation or mental control. For him:

- Silence is not achieved; it happens when the mind sees through its own noise.
- Intelligence is not born from knowledge or thought, but from this silent clarity.
- Stillness is not a goal—it is the ground from which real learning and transformation arise.

In essence, a mind that is silently aware is also profoundly intelligent—not in the mechanical or intellectual sense, but in a way that touches the whole of life.

5. Love vs. Attachment

- Attachment, Krishnamurti says, is rooted in fear, insecurity, and the desire for comfort or continuity. When we are attached, we seek to possess or be possessed, which inevitably leads to jealousy, anxiety, and suffering.
- True love, in contrast, is not possessive or dependent. It exists only when the mind is free from fear, desire, and control.

6. Dependency Destroys Love

- Krishnamurti asserts that dependency is not love. Needing someone emotionally to feel whole creates a relationship based on need, not understanding.
- When we depend on others to escape loneliness or find security, we are not loving them—we are using them.

7. Freedom Is Essential to Love

- Love, for Krishnamurti, is possible only in freedom—freedom from the self, from past hurts, from expectations.

- He stresses that where there is possession, there is no love. Love can only flourish in a space where there is no control or domination.

8. The Nature of True Love

- True love is compassionate, unmotivated, and choiceless—it is not limited to a person or an object.
- It is a state of being that arises when the self—ego, desire, memory—no longer clouds perception.

Krishnamurti teaches that love is not attachment, desire, or dependence. These are products of the ego and fear. True love is free, non-possessive, and without psychological need. It is only when the mind is deeply silent and free from the self that love, in its pure form, can exist.

To live without the burden of the past and future, according to Jiddu Krishnamurti, is to experience life in its total immediacy, free from the psychological constraints of memory and anticipation. For Krishnamurti, true freedom and clarity come not through time or accumulation, but through choiceless awareness in the now.

9. Freedom from the Past

Krishnamurti often emphasized that the past—memories, experiences, traumas, beliefs—conditions the mind. This conditioning shapes how we perceive, act, and feel. When we

respond from memory or habit, we're not truly seeing what is, but rather filtering it through what was.

"To be free of the past is to die to everything of yesterday so that your mind is always fresh, always young, innocent, full of vigour and passion."

Living without the past doesn't mean forgetting facts or useful knowledge—it means not letting psychological residues (grudges, pride, regret) distort our present perception.

10. Freedom from the Future

Krishnamurti was critical of the idea of psychological becoming—the notion that we must become something in the future (enlightened, successful, peaceful). He argued that this endless striving creates anxiety, fear, and discontent. The future, like the past, is a mental projection.

"The idea of tomorrow, of the future, is an evasion of the present; it is escape from what is."

Instead of seeking fulfilment later, he urged us to see the truth now, to act in the fullness of the moment, without delay or psychological postponement.

11. Living Fully in the Present

Living in the present for Krishnamurti doesn't mean indulging in pleasure or acting impulsively. It means being aware—without interpretation or judgment—of what is happening right now, both within and without. This state of attention is active, not passive.

"To understand the immeasurable, the mind must be extraordinarily quiet, still."

In such stillness, thought doesn't dominate. Time as a psychological process—the movement from "what I am" to "what I should be"—comes to a halt. And in this silence, insight, beauty, and compassion arise naturally.

To live without the burden of the past and future is, for Krishnamurti:

- To observe without identification or resistance.
- To end the psychological continuity of thought.
- To be present without effort or motive, meeting life as it unfolds.

This way of living is not a technique but a radical transformation of consciousness, possible only through deep self-inquiry and attention.

Would you like to explore how this might be applied practically in daily life?

J. Krishnamurti's insights into fear are profound, centred not on techniques to overcome fear but on deeply understanding its nature. He argues that fear is fundamentally created and sustained by thought—specifically by the movement of thought through time, projecting the past into the future. Let's explore his view more closely:

12. How Thought Creates Fear

Krishnamurti suggests that fear arises psychologically from our mental images—memories of pain, loss, or insecurity projected forward as anticipation. This process involves:

- Memory (past experience): We are hurt, embarrassed, rejected, or traumatized.
- Projection (future anxiety): Thought recalls that pain and imagines it happening again.
- Time (psychological duration): Fear is born in the imagined what might happen, not the actuality.

"Thought is responsible for fear… Thought is time. So, fear is the product of time."

This reveals that fear is not necessarily rooted in immediate danger but in anticipation created by thought.

13. Observing Fear Without Resistance

Krishnamurti emphasizes observation without the observer, which means watching fear as it arises without naming it, judging it, or trying to escape it. When we resist or analyses fear, we give it continuity. To end fear, one must:

- Observe it directly: See the sensations, thoughts, and bodily responses without reacting.
- Not separate from it: If you say, "I am afraid," you divide the observer from the fear. But if you are the fear, there is no division—just direct perception.
- Avoid suppression or escape: Distraction, suppression, or rationalization only strengthen fear by avoiding it.

"To observe without the 'me' is the ending of fear."

14. Dissolving Fear Through Awareness

Awareness, in Krishnamurti's view, is a choiceless, passive attention—not directed by will or motive. When fear is observed in this way:

- There is no resistance, and so fear is not fuelled.
- Awareness brings insight, not through analysis but through seeing the totality of fear.
- In that clarity of seeing, fear begins to dissolve because the psychological mechanism that sustains it—thought—loses its hold.

This dissolution is not a gradual process; it happens outside of time, in the immediacy of full awareness.

"Fear ends completely when there is the total perception of it, not the analytical perception, but the total perception."

In Summary

- Thought, through time and memory, creates and sustains fear.
- Resistance, whether through suppression, avoidance, or analysis, only perpetuates fear.
- Awareness, free of choice and separation, allows one to observe fear directly and wholly.
- In that non-divisive seeing, fear ends—not by effort but by the insight born of pure observation.

Krishnamurti's invitation is radical: to face fear not with methods or escape, but with a quality of total inward stillness and attentiveness that allows fear to unfold and wither in the light of understanding.

Jiddu Krishnamurti emphasizes that all division—national, religious, or personal—inevitably leads to conflict because division, by its very nature, creates an "other," and this psychological or conceptual separation breeds opposition, competition, fear, and ultimately violence. His teaching is rooted in the insight that conflict arises wherever there is fragmentation in human thought and relationship.

15. Psychological Root of Division

Krishnamurti observes that the human mind is conditioned to operate through thought, and thought inherently fragments reality. For instance, we define ourselves through identities—"I am Indian," "I am Christian," "I am better," "I believe"—which sets up a dichotomy against others who are not that.

"Where there is division, there must be conflict. This is a law." – Krishnamurti

Example:

If a person identifies strongly as a nationalist (e.g., "I am American"), this immediately defines those outside that identity as "foreign" or "other." In times of stress (e.g., economic hardship), this division easily morphs into xenophobia or aggression toward outsiders.

16. Religious Division

Krishnamurti often critiqued organized religion, not for belief in the sacred, but for creating group identities that divide people. When one says, "I am Hindu" or "I am Muslim," and clings to that label, it becomes more than faith—it becomes tribalism.

Example:

Consider the long-standing conflicts in regions like the Middle East or India-Pakistan. Religious identity is deeply intertwined with national and cultural divisions. These

identities become psychological barriers to dialogue and empathy.

17. Personal Division: The "Me" and the "You"

On a personal level, Krishnamurti explains that we live in psychological isolation—each individual concerned primarily with the self, the ego. This "me" vs. "you" mentality breeds interpersonal conflict, jealousy, fear, and misunderstanding.

In relationships, if one partner thinks in terms of "my needs" versus "your needs," without seeing the relationship as a mutual movement of understanding, then conflict is inevitable. The moment one identifies as a fixed self (with past hurts, ambitions), there is resistance to change or openness.

18. False Security in Division

People often believe that identity (national, religious, or ideological) provides security. Krishnamurti challenges this: is there real security in a divided world? History shows us that borders, dogmas, and personal egos have never brought lasting peace.

"When you call yourself an Indian or a Muslim or a Christian or a European, or anything else, you are being violent." – Krishnamurti

This is because identification separates, and separation breeds fear—the psychological ground of violence.

19. A Radical Solution: Choiceless Awareness

Krishnamurti doesn't offer a system to unify people but invites awareness of the fact of division itself. Only by observing the nature of division without trying to change it through effort, one can awaken intelligence that dissolves it.

Application:

When a person becomes aware, without judgment, of their need to be "right" in an argument, that awareness itself can quiet the ego and prevent conflict.

Conclusion

Krishnamurti emphasizes that division is the root of conflict because it sustains a duality—a "me" vs. "not me"—whether in global politics or intimate relationships. The key insight is: wherever there is psychological separation, there will be struggle. The only ending of conflict is the ending of division, and that begins in the mind of each individual.

Jiddu Krishnamurti argues that thought, by its very nature, is limited and conditioned, and therefore incapable of perceiving the sacred. Here's a clear explanation of his reasoning, with examples:

20. Thought Is a Product of the Past

Krishnamurti emphasizes that thought arises from memory, which is rooted in past experiences, knowledge, and conditioning. This means:

- Thought is always old, never fresh.
- It operates within what is already known.

Example: If you see a beautiful sunset and immediately think, "That's like the one I saw last summer," your experience is filtered through memory. You're not seeing it anew; you're comparing it with the past.

21. Thought Is Limited by Language, Culture, and Personal Experience

Thought is shaped by:

- Language (which imposes categories and meanings)
- Cultural conditioning
- Personal beliefs and psychological patterns

Because of this, it cannot grasp what lies beyond its own framework—like the timeless or the sacred.

Example: Imagine trying to explain the concept of "infinity" using only the numbers 1 to 10. Thought similarly tries to approach the sacred using finite tools—words, images, ideas—but cannot actually reach or touch it.

22. The Sacred Is Beyond Concept and Time

For Krishnamurti, the sacred is:

- Not a belief, image, or ritual
- Not the result of effort or practice
- Not created by thought

It is something that can only be perceived in a state of deep silence and attention, when the mind is free from the known.

Example: When your mind is completely still—not trying to analyses, label, or interpret—there might be a moment of pure perception: like seeing a tree, a face, or the stars with a sense of awe and connectedness that has no name. That moment, Krishnamurti suggests, is a glimpse of the sacred.

23. The Observer Is the Observed

Krishnamurti often said, "The observer is the observed," meaning that the separation we create between ourselves and the world is an illusion created by thought. This false division:

- Distorts perception
- Prevents direct contact with reality

The sacred cannot be perceived as long as there is a thinker separate from the thought, or a seeker separate from what is sought.

In Summary:

- Thought is limited, because it's based on past knowledge and conditioning.
- The sacred is limitless and beyond the field of the known.
- Therefore, thought cannot perceive the sacred—just as a measuring stick cannot measure the immeasurable.

To perceive the sacred, Krishnamurti suggests, the mind must be completely still—not caught in thought, belief, or memory. Only then is there the possibility of an encounter with what is truly sacred.

*****

Whispers of a Mind Without Measure

These are not poems in the ordinary sense,

but moments of seeing—

like still pools in which the whole sky is reflected.

They do not seek to persuade,

for truth cannot be given;
it must be seen directly.

Each is an invitation to look—
without judgement,
without the burden of yesterday,
without the hope of tomorrow—
to look with a mind that is utterly still.

On Fear

Fear lives in the shadow of tomorrow,
in the memory of yesterday.
It is the movement of thought
projecting what might be,
or clinging to what has been.

Can you meet fear now—
without running,
without naming,
without trying to end it?
In the seeing of fear as it is,

without the movement of time,
fear ends.

On Sorrow

Sorrow is the shadow
of attachment and loss,
of clinging to what was
or what might have been.

We try to escape it
through belief,
through distraction,
through hope.

But to look at sorrow directly—
without running—
is to end it.

In the ending of sorrow,
compassion flowers.

On Love

Love is not desire,
not the ache of loneliness,
not the comfort of possession.

Where there is fear,
love cannot be.

Love is free—
of becoming,
of memory,
of the self.

When the self is absent,
love is.

On Thought

Thought is the response of memory,
a fragment of yesterday
projected into today.

It can build bridges,
write poems,
heal the sick—
but it cannot touch
the immeasurable.

To see the limit of thought
is the beginning of intelligence.

On Choiceless Awareness

To observe without choice
is to see without distortion—
not picking what pleases,
not rejecting what hurts.

In choiceless awareness
there is no centre that judges,
no self that compares.

There is only seeing,
and in that seeing,

the whole of life unfolds.

On Freedom

Freedom is not the opposite of bondage,
not the freedom to do as you please.

It is freedom from the known—
from fear,
from the weight of memory,
from the endless movement
of becoming.

In that freedom
there is order,
and the beauty of living without conflict.

On Truth

Truth is not in words,
not in the conclusions of thought,
not in the authority of another.

It is not a path,

not a goal,

not something to be reached.

Truth is seen only

in the clear light of direct perception—

when the mind is still,

free of seeking.

On Death

Death is not far away—

it is here,

in the ending of each moment.

To die to yesterday,

to let the past fall away

without clinging—

this is to live without fear.

Then life and death

are one movement—

whole,
timeless.

On Living in the Present

The present is not
the thin line between past and future—
it is the ending of time.

To live in the present
is to be free of yesterday's burden
and tomorrow's hope.

It is to meet life now—
fresh, unmeasured,
without the shadow of what has been.

In such living,
every moment is new.

On the Sacred

The sacred is not in temples,
nor in words,
nor in the images of the mind.

It is where the self is not.
In the stillness of a mind
free from fear and becoming,
life is whole.
That wholeness is sacred.

When fear ends, there is freedom.
When sorrow ends, there is compassion.
When thought is quiet,
truth is seen.

In freedom, in compassion, in truth—
life is whole.
And that wholeness is sacred.

*****

The cosmos has given
air to breathe,
water to flow,

soil to root,
and rains to nourish life.

There is an order in the universe—
the turning of stars,
the rhythm of seasons,
the blossoming of trees,
the silence between waves.

This order is not of thought,
not of man's making,
not bound to memory or desire.

When the mind is quiet,
free of its own noise,
that order is here too—
vast, timeless,
whole.

*****

Man does not know
how to live in the present
without imagination.

The mind drifts—
into the past with memory,
into the future with hope and fear,
into images of violence,
into the pursuit of pleasure.

He resists silence,
for silence is the ending of the self,
the dying of its noise.
So he escapes—
into thought,
into imagination—
and calls that living.

But such living is only a shadow,
the echo of memory,
the projection of desire.

Life is here,
untouched by time.
To see it,

the mind must be free—

free of imagination,

free of becoming.

Then there is silence,

not sought,

not cultivated,

but natural, effortless.

In that silence

life is whole,

fresh,

timeless.

*****

Essence of Jiddu Krishnamurthi Teachings

1. Choiceless Awareness – The Art of Seeing

We have learned to look with expectation, with choice, with desire. We look in order to find, to gain, to change, to compare. But very rarely do we simply look.

Choiceless awareness is the art of seeing what is—without motive, without the interference of thought, without the fragmentation that choice brings.

When you watch a tree, you usually say, "That is an oak," and the naming ends the observation. But can you look at that tree without naming it? Can you look at your anger, your fear, your ambition in the same way—without condemnation or justification?

Such looking requires a quiet mind, not a controlled or suppressed mind. A mind that is deeply attentive, not concentrated. Concentration narrows the field; awareness opens it wide.

In choiceless awareness, the observer is not separate from the observed. You are not watching fear—you are fear. And in that moment of total attention, the division ends, and the energy behind that fragmentation dissolves.

This awareness is not cultivated. It is not a method or a practice. You cannot become aware through discipline, because the very desire to become is a distraction.

Choiceless awareness is not the result of effort. It is the cessation of effort. It is the stillness that comes when the mind sees the futility of running, of comparing, of becoming—and simply is.

From this stillness, a new intelligence operates—not the intelligence of memory or analysis, but a clarity that is not born of thought. It acts, not according to a blueprint, but according to the truth of the moment.

This awareness is the beginning of freedom. And freedom is not at the end of a path. It is now, or never.

*****

The Art of Seeing

Look—

without the net of names,

without the cloud of memory,

without the itch to change.

Just look.

Can you see the leaf—

not as “leaf,”

but as movement, light,

a trembling flame of life?

Can you see your anger
not as “my anger,”
not as something to control or hide—
but as it is,
rising, burning, fading?

Choice divides the moment.
Awareness unites it.

Where there is motive,
there is distortion.
Where there is desire,
there is resistance.

But where there is silence—
not cultivated,
but born of pure seeing—
there is truth.

Choiceless,

you see what is.

And what is

becomes the teacher,

the mirror,

the ending.

In that ending,

a new beginning.

*****

2. The Poison of Psychological Thought

Thought has built our world. It has invented the wheel, the ship, the microscope, the symphony, the poem. It has made language, culture, science, and surgery. It has extraordinary utility in the world of measurement, design, and communication.

But that same thought, when it enters the field of the psychological—the inner world of emotion, identity, fear, and hope—becomes dangerous.

Thought, by its very nature, is limited. It is the outcome of memory, the result of past experience. It can project, imagine, calculate—but always within the field of what has been. Thought is never free.

When we use thought to understand ourselves, we are caught in a loop. The thinker is thinking about himself, but he is that thought. The observer is the observed. And this separation is the root of conflict.

Psychological thought says, “I am this,” or “I should be that.” It builds images of success and failure, creates ideals and guilt, cultivates comparison and fear. It projects time into the mind— “I was,” “I am,” “I must become.” This movement of becoming breeds suffering.

We think we are solving problems through thought. But often, thought is the problem itself.

It divides—into Hindu and Muslim, believer and non-believer, success and failure. And where there is division, there is conflict.

So, is it possible to see the movement of psychological thought clearly, silently—without resistance or suppression?

Only in such deep observation can the mind come upon a different dimension of intelligence—not born of the past, but arising from silence.

When you see the danger of a snake, you do not argue, analyses, or justify. You move. The seeing is the action.

In the same way, to see the poison of psychological thought clearly is the beginning of inner freedom.

*****

The Poisoned Mirror

Thought builds the house
and then forgets it built it.
It walks its halls
and calls them destiny.

It paints a picture of “me,”
frames it with memory,
hangs it on the wall of time—
and bows.

But thought is old.
It is the dust of what was,
whispering in the voice of what might be.

It says,
“I will become,”
and never asks
who is speaking.

It compares,
competes,
calculates,

divides—
and calls this living.

But in the heart of silence,
thought is seen—
like a shadow pretending to be the sun.

Not condemned,
not controlled,
but understood.

And in that understanding,
there is no war,
no becoming—
only the clear,
bright flame
of seeing.

That flame
is freedom.

*****

3. Fear and the Ending of Time

Fear is one of the most powerful forces shaping human

consciousness. It conditions our relationships, our ambitions, our beliefs, and even our morality. It hides behind respectability and clings to tradition. We fear loss, rejection, loneliness, death—and we fear not becoming something.

But what is fear?

Is it not the movement of thought in time? We fear what might happen tomorrow. We fear what someone may say or do. We remember past pain and project it into the future. Fear is born when thought, anchored in memory, anticipates a danger—real or imagined.

So thought, through time, breeds fear.

We try to escape fear through belief, through analysis, through pleasure. We cover it up with distraction, rituals, and explanations. But the more we run, the stronger it becomes. Fear feeds on avoidance.

Krishnamurti asks us to approach fear without the screen of thought. Not to analyses it, not to fight it, but to observe it—completely, silently, choicelessly.

Can you watch fear arise in the body, in the mind, in the heart—without naming it, without resisting it?

In that observation, the observer is no longer separate from the fear. There is only the fact, and that fact is understood wholly—not in parts. That very understanding dissolves fear.

So, the ending of fear is the ending of psychological time. It is to see that the future is a projection of thought, just as the past is its residue.

Only when time ceases in the mind, when becoming ends, is there freedom from fear.

*****

The Shadow of Time

Fear is the shadow

that walks ahead of me—

cast by the sun of thought

as it rises over tomorrow.

It whispers,

“What if?”

It remembers,

“It happened once.”

It clings to the known

and trembles at the unknown.

It wears many faces—

shyness, pride, ambition,

attachment masked as love.

But fear is always time—
yesterday's wound
dressing itself
for tomorrow's ghost.

Can you sit with it—
not ask it to leave,
not chase it with prayer or logic—
but listen,
deeply,
without a name?

Then fear speaks,
and in that listening,
it dissolves.

Not with effort—
but like a shadow fades
when the light is everywhere.

When time ends in the mind,

fear has no ground to stand.

And in that stillness,

you are free.

*****

4. Love Without Attachment

We often speak of love, yet what we usually mean is not love—it is attachment, dependence, longing, and fear of loss.

What we call love is frequently entangled with desire, pleasure, and memory. We say, "I love you," but often that love carries with it possession, expectation, and the deep-rooted urge to be needed. Is this love—or is it a subtle form of self-extension?

Where there is attachment, there is always fear—fear of separation, of being alone, of no longer being held. And where there is fear, love cannot be.

We hold on to people, ideas, traditions—not out of love, but out of insecurity. We do not want to face the emptiness within, so we cling, hoping that what we hold will fill that void.

But true love arises only when the self is absent.

To love is not to cling, not to demand, not to possess. It is to care without seeking reward. It is to respond without motive. It is to see another clearly, without the projections of thought and desire.

Love has no opposite. It is not the other side of hate. It is not born of pleasure nor destroyed by pain. It exists where the mind is silent and the heart is free.

And in that silence, there is immense beauty.

Where there is love, there is no self. And where the self is, love cannot be.

*****

When Love Is Free

You said,

“I love you”—

but what you meant was:

“I need you,

I fear losing you,

I do not want to be alone.”

You called it love,

but it was a thread of thought,

a memory dressed as devotion,

a hunger in disguise.

You clung,

you wept,

you hoped.

But love is not tears.
It is not longing.
It is not the ache of absence
nor the thrill of possession.

Love is when the self
no longer stands
between you and another.

Love is when you see
without the veil of want,
without the shadow of becoming.

It is care,
without clinging.
It is joy,
without seeking.
It is presence,
without past or future.

When love is free,

it is not yours or mine.

It is like the wind—

it touches all

and leaves nothing to hold.

In that freedom,

there is truth.

And in that truth,

life begins anew.

*****

5. The Ending of the Self

The self is not something sacred.
It is not a divine spark trapped in the body, waiting to be perfected.
The self is a movement of thought—
a continuity of memory, experience, belief, and desire.

This bundle of psychological processes—the "me," the ego, the thinker—
is formed through identification:
"I am this," "This is mine," "I must become that."
The self is constantly comparing, defending, longing, fearing.

And because it is rooted in thought, the self is always divided.
It is a centre around which the mind spins in isolation.
It separates the observer from the observed,
and in this very division, conflict is born.

We try to refine the self—make it noble, spiritual, compassionate.
But these are still movements of the self trying to become something other than what it is.
Even the longing for enlightenment, for union with God, is often
the self in disguise, seeking continuation in a more refined form.

But can this whole movement—the psychological "me"—come to an end?

Not through suppression, nor through effort.
Not through control or discipline.

The ending of the self occurs only when it is deeply understood.
To observe the self in action—its motives, fears, comparisons—without judgment or resistance,
is to see its falseness.

And that seeing is the ending.

Where the self ends, life begins.
Not the life of survival, not biological function—
but life as pure movement, as sacred stillness, as immeasurable energy.

This is not a theory.
It is not a belief.
It is something to be seen,
directly,
without time.

*****

The Disappearance of the "Me"

The self is a whisper

that never stops speaking—

"I am,"

"I must,"

"I will."

It hides in your love,

it kneels in your prayer,

it wears the mask of the seeker,

and dreams of becoming holy.

It remembers,

it projects,

it binds.

It says,
“This is my thought,”
“My feeling,”
“My pain.”

But is there a “me”
without thought calling it so?

Look—
look closely.

The self is a shadow
cast by the light of memory.
And when that light fades,
the shadow disappears.

Not with violence,
not with effort,
but with seeing.

When you see the self move—
in pride, in fear, in wanting—

and you watch it

without naming,

without resisting—

a silence descends.

In that silence,

the self has no soil to grow.

And in that ending,

there is great beauty.

There is no “you”

to receive it—

only the flowering

of sacredness

where the self is not.

*****

6. Intelligence Born of Silence

What is intelligence?

We often confuse intelligence with knowledge—accumulated facts, clever reasoning, the ability to succeed in examinations or professions. But that is only the function of thought. It may be sharp, quick, analytical—but it is still limited, fragmented, and conditioned.

True intelligence, Krishnamurti suggests, is not born from thought. It arises in the absence of thought—as a flowering of deep attention, of total perception, of silence.

Silence is not the absence of sound. It is not the product of control, effort, or discipline. The silence we speak of here is the complete stillness of the mind—the ending of the noise of becoming, of fear, of memory, of the self.

Such silence is not dull. It is not sleep or escape. It is full of energy, full of light.

In that silence, thought finds its rightful place. It becomes a tool—not a tyrant. The mind is no longer driven by the compulsion to analyses, compare, or judge.

And in that stillness, a different kind of intelligence awakens.

This intelligence is not personal. It is not “mine” or “yours.” It is not shaped by culture or experience. It is universal—like the clarity of a sky before the storm of thought begins.

Such intelligence sees the whole, not the part. It acts out of perception, not conclusion. It is immediate, compassionate, and free.

Only in silence—deep, choiceless, effortless silence—does this sacred intelligence arise.

And in that intelligence, life moves with clarity, love, and order.

*****

Where the Mind Is Still

Not in the book,

not in the chant,

not in the long debate

does intelligence arise.

But in the hush

between two thoughts—

in that breathless space

where the self forgets to speak—

There,

a flame is lit.

It is not the spark of memory,

nor the flicker of reason.

It is a light without source—

born of silence.

This silence is not made.
You cannot cultivate it,
you cannot force it.
It comes when the seeker
ceases to seek.

When thought
no longer casts its net—
there is stillness.

And in that stillness,
intelligence breathes.

It is not mine to hold,
not yours to teach.
It is the nameless clarity
that sees
and acts
in the same moment.

In that seeing,

there is no conflict.

And in that silence,

life is whole.

*****

7. The Illusion of Becoming

From childhood, we are conditioned to become something.

We are told: “You must be successful,” “You must improve,” “You must become a better version of yourself.” This movement—of constantly trying to be something other than what is—is at the core of our psychological existence.

We compare, we strive, we measure ourselves against others or against imagined ideals. This movement of becoming appears to be natural, even necessary. But is it?

Jiddu Krishnamurti challenges this deeply rooted habit of the mind.

He asks: Can there be freedom when the mind is always trying to become something—better, purer, more enlightened?

Becoming implies time. It is the projection of the past into the future. It is based on memory, on experience, on desire and fear. The “me” wants to be something it is not—and in that very movement, it creates division.

That division is the root of inner conflict.

The one who wants to become compassionate is not actually compassionate now. The very attempt to become nonviolent is born from the seed of violence. So, becoming, psychologically, is not transformation—it is postponement, resistance, and illusion.

Krishnamurti points toward a radical possibility: the ending of becoming.

To be fully present with what is—not what should be. To look at oneself without condemnation or justification. To remain with fear, with sorrow, with confusion—not to run away, not to idealize, not to compare.

In that total attention, there is no movement away. And in that stillness, transformation happens—not through effort, but through insight.

When becoming ends, being begins.

And being is not static—it is the flowering of intelligence, of compassion, of awareness.

*****

The Mirage of More

You were told

to climb—

to rise,
to reach,
to conquer.

To be more
than what you are.

So, you ran—
through praise and punishment,
through longing and fear—
always chasing a better “you.”

But becoming
is a mirage
drawn by the hand of memory.

It shows you the future—
painted with hope,
framed by fear—
but it never arrives.

The runner is the past.
The goal is illusion.

And the ground beneath your feet—
the living now—
is lost.

Stop.
Look.
There is no ladder to truth,
no path to peace.

What you are
is the only doorway.

Look without motive,
without movement,
without escape.

And then,
without effort—
what is false falls away.

Not because you pushed it,
but because you saw.

In that seeing,

there is no becoming.

There is only being.

And being

is enough.

*****

8. Meditation Without Method

Meditation, as commonly understood, has become a system—a technique to be practiced, a goal to be achieved. We are told to sit in a certain posture, repeat a mantra, follow the breath, visualize peace. All these are methods. But do methods lead to truth?

Jiddu Krishnamurti radically questioned this traditional approach.

To him, true meditation has no method. The moment you follow a system, your mind is merely conforming to a pattern, imitating, repeating. The practice becomes mechanical—and a mechanical mind can never touch the depths of reality.

Meditation is not something separate from life. It is not confined to a cushion or a cave. It is the art of total attention—to watch a thought arise, to listen to a bird, to feel anger, to observe desire—without choosing, without resistance, without motive.

This choiceless awareness is meditation.

In such awareness, the observer is not separate from the observed. The division between “me” and “my thought” ends. Thought slows down—not through control, but through

understanding. And in that deep silence, a different dimension of the mind comes into being.

It is in this silence that the sacred may be perceived—not imagined, not projected, but touched by a mind that is utterly still.

Such meditation is not practiced. It cannot be cultivated. It comes naturally when the self is quiet, when the noise of becoming has ended.

Then, every moment is meditation—
Walking, sitting, listening, breathing—
A movement in stillness,
A silence that holds the whole of life.

*****

Where Silence Listens

Do not seek the sacred

in temples of thought,

nor chant your way

into peace.

The holy cannot be reached

by method,

nor held by repetition.

Meditation

is not what you do—
it is what happens
when doing ends.

When you sit
not to become calm,
but to see—
then the leaf rustling outside
is the teacher.

The itch on your skin,
the ache in your knee—
they too are part
of the whole field.

Observe.
Not with control,
but with care.

Let the thought come—
and go.

Let the feeling rise—
and pass.

Hold nothing.
Resist nothing.

In that openness,
there is stillness.

And in that stillness,
a presence awakens
that has no name.

You cannot seek it.
But when you stop seeking—
it is there.

In the listening,
not in the chant.
In the seeing,
not in the image.

Meditation
is life
without the noise
of the self.

*****

9. Living Without Psychological Time

Time governs our lives. Clocks, calendars, schedules — they are necessary for practical living. But Jiddu Krishnamurti draws a sharp distinction between chronological time and psychological time.

Chronological time is needed. You catch a train at 6, you meet a friend on Tuesday, your body ages with each passing year. But psychological time is something very different. It is the inner movement of thought that says:
"I will be happy tomorrow."
"Someday I will change."
"Eventually I will become enlightened."

This psychological time—rooted in memory and desire—is the invention of thought. It projects an ideal and then begins the struggle to attain it. It creates a gap between "what is" and "what should be." And in that gap, all conflict begins.

Krishnamurti insists: truth is not in the future. Love, peace, understanding—they are not rewards waiting at the end of effort. If they are not now, they never will be.

To live without psychological time is to live in direct contact with reality, without postponement, without escape. It means not saying "I will deal with my fear tomorrow," but observing fear now, as it arises, without delay or analysis.

Such observation is not bound by time. It is immediate, total, and transformative.

When time ends, the self ends.
And when the self ends, life begins—not as a process of becoming, but as a state of being that is whole, complete, and sacred.

*****

The Clock of the Mind

There is a time
to plant,
to build,
to meet.

But the mind—
it keeps a different clock.

It says:
“I will find peace… tomorrow.”
“I will love… later.”
“I will be free… someday.”

It weaves a path
from sorrow to hope,
and walks it endlessly—
never arriving.

This is the time
that wounds.
The time of becoming.
The time of waiting

to be.

But what if there is no “later”?
What if the only door
is now?

Look.
Listen.
What you are—
you are.

There is no ideal ahead.
Only the fact
now.

See the fear.
Feel the hurt.
Watch the thought—
without naming,
without fleeing.

And as you watch,
time falls away.

What remains

is not stillness in time,

but stillness beyond time.

In that stillness,

there is no becoming—

only being.

And being

is the timeless.

*****

10. Freedom from the Known

Human beings live in the field of the known.
What we think, what we believe, what we desire — all arise from memory, tradition, experience.
Even our search for the new — for freedom, for truth, for the sacred — is often just a continuation of the known in different forms.

Jiddu Krishnamurti challenges us to see that this dependence on the known is the root of psychological bondage.

We read books, follow teachers, repeat ideas — and think we are learning. But true learning begins only when the mind is free from the past. Not free from useful knowledge like how to drive a car or speak a language — but from psychological knowledge: the accumulation of images, opinions, and identifications that shape our responses.

We know ourselves through memory — “I am this,” “I believe that,” “I was hurt,” “I will become” — and we cling to this structure of thought as if it were our identity. This is the self — a bundle of the known.

Krishnamurti says: freedom is not within the known — it begins when the known ends.

This does not mean amnesia or rejection of facts. It means the capacity to observe without the filter of conditioning. To look at a person, an idea, a tree, or yourself — without past conclusions, without the shadow of experience.

Such observation is pure. It is silent. It does not accumulate.

And in that freedom from the known, the mind becomes young, fresh, and alive — capable of discovering something sacred, something that cannot be named or held in thought.

*****

The Weight of the Known

You carry the past

like a cloak—

stitched with memories,

fastened with fear.

You call it “me,”

this pattern of thought—

woven from belief,

polished by time.

But how can you meet
the living moment
with hands full of yesterday?

You reach for truth—
but through borrowed eyes.

You seek freedom—
but drag your chains behind.

Is not knowledge,
once sacred,
now the wall
between seeing and being?

Watch thought
as it rises—
a ripple from the deep.

Don’t chase it.
Don’t name it.
Just see.

In that seeing,

the known subsides.

And the mind,

unburdened,

becomes quiet.

From that quiet

comes light—

not lit by the past,

but new,

untouched.

That light is freedom.

That freedom is truth.

*****

11. Compassion Without Object

What we often call compassion is not compassion at all. It is sentiment, attachment, duty, or identification. We help because we feel sorry, or because we want to be virtuous, or because it is expected of us.

But true compassion, according to Jiddu Krishnamurti, is not born of thought, memory, or emotion. It is not directed toward a particular person, cause, or group. It is not personal. It is not cultivated.

Compassion is without object—like a flame that burns not for something, but simply because it is its nature to burn.

It arises only when the self is absent—when the mind is utterly still, without motive, without identity, without fear. Then there is a perception of suffering—not just your suffering or my suffering, but the sorrow of the world. And in that perception, there is an action that is immediate, intelligent, and unconditioned.

This action is not a reaction. It does not come from a centre. It is not born of memory or ideology.

It is the movement of love, which has no opposite.

Such compassion is not weak. It does not compromise with violence, injustice, or falsehood. It does not belong to religion or politics. It cannot be captured by a flag, a prayer, or a temple.

It is the natural fragrance of a mind that is free.

And without this compassion—this impersonal, choiceless compassion—life becomes barren, mechanical, and divisive. With it, every act, however small, becomes sacred.

*****

The Flame Without Direction

Do not call it compassion

if it has a face,

a flag,

a purpose.

Do not name it love
if it clings,
if it weeps for one
and forgets the rest.

True compassion
has no banner,
no creed,
no chosen ones.

It is the trembling
of a heart
that holds the sorrow
of the world—
not to fix it,
not to change it,
but to see it
fully.

It flows
not from a wound,
not from a hope,

but from the end
of self.

It is the movement
of a mind
that no longer says
“mine” and “not mine.”

And when this flame
burns quietly,
without direction,
without name—
there is healing
in the very seeing.

There is beauty
in the very being.

This is compassion—
the light
that asks nothing
and gives everything.

*****

12. The Sacred Beyond All Thought

The sacred is not something created by belief, ritual, or tradition. It is not found in temples or scriptures, nor can it be approached through prayer, meditation, or repetition. What thought can conceive is not sacred—it is only the projection of the known, the image born of time and desire.

Jiddu Krishnamurti points out that the sacred exists only when the mind is completely still—when thought, which is always limited, comes to an end.

Most of us seek the sacred through organized religion, hoping that obedience, sacrifice, or worship will bring us closer to something holy. But what we are really doing is projecting our fears, hopes, and conditioning onto an image, and then worshipping that image. This is not the sacred—it is the continuation of the self in spiritual disguise.

The sacred is beyond the self, beyond measure, beyond time. It cannot be invited, cultivated, or remembered. It comes uninvited, when the mind has emptied itself of all the noise of becoming—when there is total attention without a centre.

In that attention, there is a silence that is not of the mind. That silence is not the product of control, discipline, or method. It is the natural stillness that comes when all psychological movement has ceased.

And in that silence—unforced, effortless, vast—there is a presence, a quality of immensity, of deep beauty. That is the

sacred. It is not yours or mine. It is not something personal. It cannot be possessed, and it cannot be sought.

It is there when the self is not.
To know it is to know nothing.
To be with it is to be still.

*****

Where the Sacred Is

The sacred is not in the chant,
nor in the image carved by man's longing.
It is not lit by candlelight,
nor hidden in ancient books.

The sacred is not a god you pray to,
nor a promise of heaven whispered in fear.
It is not found in incense smoke,
nor summoned by sacred words.

It is not the path—
nor the goal.
Not the temple,
nor the pilgrim.

It is the flame
that burns
when all seeking ends.

It is the silence
not made by mind,
the stillness
not shaped by discipline.

It is where thought
has no foothold,
where memory
does not stir.

It is in the leaf falling,
the bird in flight,
the breath
taken without possession.

It is the unknowable
in the utterly known.

And you cannot walk to it—
for it is where walking ceases.

You cannot find it—

for it appears

when the finder is gone.

The sacred

is where

you are not.

*****

13. The Wholeness of Life

We have broken life into fragments — work and leisure, science and religion, love and thought, the outer and the inner. We separate the intellect from the heart, the body from the mind, the individual from the world. But in truth, life is not fragmented — only thought makes it so.

Jiddu Krishnamurti asks us to observe: Is there such a thing as division in life, or does division exist only in the mind conditioned by thought? We look at life through the lens of knowledge, memory, and identity — and this very lens breaks life into parts, categories, and oppositions.

This division brings about contradiction, conflict, and confusion. One part of us pulls in one direction, another resists. One day we are kind, the next cruel. We struggle between duty and desire, fear and longing, the “me” and the “not me.” This inner fragmentation is reflected outward — in our relationships, in society, in the world.

But wholeness is not something to be achieved. It is not the result of practice, belief, or integration. Wholeness is the natural state of a mind that sees without the distortion of the self.

To see totally — not partially — is to see with all your being. It is to observe without division between the observer and the observed. It is to live without conflict between what is and what should be.

When there is no centre, no fragmented "me," life reveals its extraordinary unity. Then work is not separate from love, learning is not apart from living, and the sacred is not apart from the everyday.

This wholeness is intelligence.
This intelligence is love.
And in that state, there is no problem, no conflict, no contradiction — because there is no fragmentation.

To live wholly is to live fully — without resistance, without division, in harmony with the movement of life.

*****

No Fragments, Only Life

You are not your job,

your role,

your name.

You are not the voice

that compares,

competes,
divides.

You are life —
not the broken image of it.

Thought slices the whole
into duties and desires,
hopes and fears,
success and failure.

It says:
Here is the sacred.
There is the profane.
Here is love.
There is labour.

And so, begins
the war within.

But look —
the tree does not divide itself.
The river does not question its flow.
The sky does not separate

light from silence.

Only thought fragments —
and then seeks to repair
what it has broken.

But when the mind is still —
truly still —
the pieces vanish.

And there is
only life.

Vast.
Whole.
Undivided.

You are that —
when the self is not.

*****

14. Where the Self Ends, Life Begins

We have built our lives around an idea — the idea of the self. It is the centre of our thoughts, feelings, fears, ambitions, and

pleasures. It is the “I” that wants to succeed, to be safe, to be loved, to become something. This centre is the root of our suffering, though we rarely see it.

The self is a fabrication of memory, of comparison, of psychological time. It is the past projecting a future, always seeking security, always resisting what is. It lives in the shadow of becoming — never content, never still, never free.

Jiddu Krishnamurti says that where the self is, truth is not. And when the self ends — not through suppression, control, or discipline, but through direct, choiceless observation — then something entirely different begins.

The ending of the self is not death. It is the beginning of real life. It is the beginning of a life not dictated by fear, pleasure, or ambition. A life not divided by beliefs, identities, or ideologies. A life not lived in the mirror of others.

When the self ends, love begins — not the love of possession or attachment, but love without condition or object.

When the self ends, intelligence begins — not the cunning of thought, but the deep clarity of a still mind.

When the self ends, time ends — not chronological time, but psychological time: the burden of the past and the anxiety of the future.

And in this ending, there is a beginning — a beginning of a life that is whole, sacred, and free.

This is not a theory or a distant goal. It is a fact, to be seen, lived, and realized now — not tomorrow, not after practice, but in the immediacy of awareness.

Where the self ends, life begins.
And that life is not yours or mine.
It simply is.

*****

The Doorless Door

You carried it so long—

the self—

like a sacred weight.

You fed it with memory,

clothed it in identity,

called it your soul.

It whispered,

“I must become,”

and you followed.

It wept,

“I am hurt,”

and you clung.

It promised heaven,

feared death,
and sought comfort
in names and nations,
temples and theories.

But one day—
quietly,
without effort—
you saw it.

Saw it for what it was:
a shadow dancing
in the light of thought.

Not evil,
not divine,
just illusion.

And in that seeing,
it ended.

No struggle.
No discipline.
Just the clarity

of attention.

And then—
not silence made by effort,
but silence that is.

Not love shaped by need,
but love without centre.

Not a life of striving,
but life —
whole,
unmeasured,
sacred.

You stepped through
the doorless door.

And there,
where the self was not—
life began.

Important Quotes from Jiddu Krishnamurti

On Self-Knowledge and Awareness

- The ability to observe without evaluating is the highest form of intelligence.
- In oneself lies the whole world, and if you know how to look and learn, the door is there and the key is in yourself.
- It is no measure of health to be well adjusted to a profoundly sick society.
- The primary cause of disorder in ourselves is the seeking of reality promised by another.
- Real learning comes about when the competitive spirit has ceased.
- To understand yourself is the beginning of wisdom.
- Observation without judgement is the highest form of human intelligence.
- Awareness is without choice, without demand, without anxiety; in that state of mind, there is perception.
- If you begin to understand what you are without trying to change it, then what you are undergoes a transformation
- You must understand the whole of life, not just one little part of it.

On Thought and the Self

- Thought is always old because it is the response of memory.

- ❖ You are the world, and the world is you. Without understanding yourself, you cannot understand the world.
- ❖ The 'me' is built up through identification—with possessions, people, ideas, and experiences. This is the cause of conflict and sorrow.
- ❖ When you call yourself an Indian or a Muslim or a Christian or a European, you are being violent.
- ❖ The ending of sorrow is the beginning of wisdom.
- ❖ Fear is always in relation to something.
- ❖ Thought creates the thinker, and then the thinker controls thought.
- ❖ The observer is the observed.
- ❖ Freedom from the self is the true freedom.
- ❖ To know yourself is the beginning of all wisdom.

On Freedom and Truth

- ❖ Freedom and love go together. Love is not a reaction. If I love you because you love me, that is mere trade.
- ❖ Truth is a pathless land. You cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect.
- ❖ To find truth, the mind must be free of the known.
- ❖ Freedom is not given to you by another; it is not something to be bought in the marketplace.
- ❖ To seek truth is to deny the lie.
- ❖ Truth has no continuity; it is from moment to moment.
- ❖ Only in freedom can there be truth.
- ❖ The moment you follow someone you cease to follow truth.
- ❖ To be free is to be without fear.
- ❖ Truth is where you are, not in the future, not in the past.

On Education and Learning

- The whole of life, from the moment you are born to the moment you die, is a process of learning.
- To understand is to transform what is.
- The function of education is to create human beings who are integrated and therefore intelligent.
- Intelligence is the capacity to perceive the essential, the what is, and to awaken this capacity in oneself and others.
- We are educated to become specialists but not to understand life.
- Real education means to awaken the love for life.
- You learn more about yourself in relationship than in solitude.
- Learning is never cumulative; it is a movement of knowing which has no beginning and no end.
- The purpose of education is to cultivate right relationship with the world.
- Learning about yourself is always in the present.

On Love and Relationship

- When there is love, there is no duty and no responsibility. - Love is something that cannot be divided into love for one and indifference to another.
- Love is not a reaction; it is not something that can be bought.
- Where the self is, love is not.
- Love has no past and no future.
- Love is not pleasure.
- To love is to be vulnerable to the whole of life.

- Love is when you are not.
- Compassion is the highest form of intelligence.
- Without love, do what you will, it will be empty.

*****

WHERE THE SELF ENDS, LIFE BEGINS

—The Quiet Revolution of Seeing Without the Self

What if the life you are living is not life at all, but a projection of memory, fear, and desire?

What if true freedom begins not with becoming something, but with the ending of the "me"?

In this contemplative work, Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru explores the roots of psychological conflict and the illusion of the self, drawing deeply from the spirit of Jiddu Krishnamurti. Through dialogues, reflections, and poetic meditations, the book invites the reader to look inward – with clarity, honesty, and attention.

This is not a book of teachings or techniques.
It is a call to see – directly and simply – the truth of "what is."